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TWILIGHT

CATHERINE CUTTLE '37

As day is ending in the west,
There is a place of peace and prayer,
Where all who enter may find rest,
In the serene and holy air.

The last bright glimmers of the light
Burst through and make the windows glow,
Like jewels burning rich and bright
That shine upon the walls below.

As if an artisan or painter
Had worked some gems into his clay,
But as the light grows dim and fainter,
Alas, the magic fades away.

Then as the dusk about us folds,
We turn to look at Him above
Imprisoned in His Home of gold,
From where He radiates His Love.

This oasis of tranquil prayer,
The spot where we would love to dwell
Is where we leave our daily care,
Our chapel at Emmanuel.

THE HORACE MANN CENTENNIAL

MARGARET DEVENEY '37

THE year 1937 is to be a noted one in American education, for it will mark the anniversary of the establishment of the Massachusetts Board of Education and the appointment of Horace Mann as secretary to the Board, in 1837. When Horace Mann accepted the office he gave to America a new system of education, the education as we know it today.

Before discussing Horace Mann's career let us acquaint ourselves with his early life. He was born on May 4, 1796, in Franklin, Massachusetts. This was during Washington's term as President and nearly thirteen years before the birth of Abraham Lincoln. Like Lincoln, Mann, too, was born of the common people and reared in poverty and toil, but these disadvantages were not hindrances but stepping stones to success. Thomas Mann, father of the great educator, was a humble farmer at Franklin. Horace was but thirteen years of age when his father died. For seven years after this event he assisted his mother on the farm. During the winter, and whenever he could find a moment of leisure, he studied and strove earnestly to develop his mind. With the help of a tutor, an excellent memory, and a keen mind, he secured enough knowledge to enter the Sophomore class at Brown University, from which institution he graduated as valedictorian at the age of twenty-three. "The Progressive Character of the Human Race" was the title of his valedictory address. This actually typifies the theme of Mann's whole life. Mann had great faith in the common people. Thomas Jefferson believed in the political equality of man; Mann believed in educational equality which would dispel illiteracy and crime and lead our nation on to the heights of perfection.

Mann became interested in law, his study of which was inter-

rupted while he served two years at Brown as librarian and special tutor in Latin and Greek. In 1823 he began his law practice and entered upon a public career in the Massachusetts Legislature. It was at this time that he as a member of the local school board, received his first vital experience in matters pertaining to public education. Later he became a member of our General Court. At once he revealed his interest in social reform. He fought for religious liberty, public welfare, and the education of all children. He was identified with the organizing temperance forces, and with the seething anti-slavery group. His contemporary was Dorothea Dix who was making a study of the inhuman treatment accorded the insane in local communities. Her efforts, in which Horace Mann also joined, resulted in the state care of the insane. The Worcester Mental Hospital is largely a monument to his name.

In 1837, Governor Edward Everett appointed our first State Board of Education consisting of eight men. Mann was chosen secretary. To a friend he wrote, "I have abandoned jurisprudence and betaken myself to the larger sphere of mind and morals." For eleven years, he devoted himself untiringly to the cause of education. "Let the next generation be my clients," he exclaimed.

Prior to Mann's appointment the conditions in the Massachusetts schools were extremely bad. The teachers were underpaid, and in some cases were not capable and the methods used were antiquated. A large number of private schools and academies were established to which were sent the children of the wealthy. About one-third of the children were without educational opportunity of any kind and about one-sixth were in private schools in Massachusetts. In those days a widow with three or four children was a great match because the children represented earning capacity. Many changes were taking place in the social and industrial world, and in the educational world as well. In fact the changes that took place in the school system of Massachusetts were such that we may say that America has had a new school system beginning with Horace Mann. He may rightly be called the "Father of the Common Schools in America." Let us consider the nature of the changes that date back a century ago.

The establishment of a Board of Education in Massachusetts was due to a report made by a French Commissioner, Cousin, on the schools in Prussia. A copy of the report appeared in America and a movement was at once started in Massachusetts and Connecticut for a better organization of the common schools. Prussia was almost unique in having a state system of education. In most cases education had been provided for only through religious interests. In Prussia, school attendance on the part of the pupils was compulsory. Teachers were adequately trained and the state paid the cost of education. Religious education was provided for by permitting certain periods of religious training in conformity with a pupil's beliefs. These regulations were adopted in America except for the provision relating to religious instructions. Thus the vital subject in the development of man's character was lacking in our schools.

The Catholic Church has always realized that education without religious training lacks the fundamental key to the world's progress—character. From the advent of Christianity, there has been a marked effort on the part of the Church to combine education with religion. In England, wherever a Cathedral was established a school grew up in its shadow, and so it was in France, Spain, and Italy. At the first Plenary Council held in Baltimore in 1852, one of the most important decrees was the establishment of Catholic schools where religion and education could be taught. So down to the present day the Catholic Church has labored to impart knowledge as well as religion to mankind. She has not confined herself to primary schools alone but also to high schools, colleges and universities. No doubt the American system of education suffered greatly when religion was erased from its curriculum.

Horace Mann's work did not stop with the introduction of the Prussian school system. He aroused public interest in education through revival meetings. Mann exclaimed, "The common school is the greatest discovery made by man." He further stated: "If ever there was a cause, if ever there can be a cause worthy to be upheld by all of toil or sacrifice that the human hand or heart can endure, it is the cause of education." His second great step was to improve educational equipment and school houses.

He also advised closer state supervision and guidance, and larger school appropriations. Perhaps the greatest step taken by the Board of Education was the recommendation for Normal Schools. Heretofore the academies had supplied whatever trained teachers were engaged in the field of education. The academies were unavailable to those who had talents, but no means. In 1838, three Normal Schools were established; one in Plymouth County, another in Lexington, and a third in Barre. A few years after, a Normal School was also erected in Bridgewater. The purpose of these schools was to develop better trained teachers. Massachusetts set the example for the nation.

While Secretary of the Board of Education, one of Mann's many duties was to report twelve times a year to the Board. These reports have been acclaimed as masterpieces both in the United States and abroad. In his reports Mann stressed the duties of the School Board, the school curriculum, criticism of textbooks and schoolhouses, the responsibility of the public in education, hygiene, education and crime, education for defective children, and equality of school privileges for all children. These reports have a spiritual tone. In one he states, "How unworthy the sacred office of a teacher, if he incites his pupils to effort, only by displaying before them a brilliant prospect of worldly honors and distinctions, while he neglects to cherish the love of man in their bosoms, or to display before them daily the evidence of the goodness and the wisdom of God."

Mann gathered material for these reports while travelling through Europe, during which time he made a survey of the school systems there. He was particularly interested in the Prussian system and wrote a glowing report on his return, in which he praised the European method of oral instruction as opposed to the American practice of making use of textbooks, and also of the abolition of corporal punishment in the Prussian schools. The Boston school masters were deeply disturbed by all this novelty and enthusiasm, and defended their method. When the Continuation schools were established in 1920 no texts were prescribed — another victory for Horace Mann.

During his career, Horace Mann met with many difficulties. He was looked upon with suspicion by certain religious groups because he was a Unitarian. Mann himself had no trace of bigotry as we shall see from the following excerpt taken from "Horace Mann and the Common School Revival in the United States," by B. A. Hinsdale: "How far Mr. Mann was from sectarian bias in respect to the schools is shown by this bit of history. Not long before he left the Secretary's office, a correspondent wrote him in regard to the employment of Roman Catholic teachers in the schools. His answer shows the breadth of view that he took of the whole subject: 'I do not see how, according to our law, a man is to be disfranchised or held disqualified for the office of a teacher, merely because he is a Catholic. If his manners and his attainments are good, if his conduct is exemplary, his character pure, and he has the ability to inculcate justice, a sacred regard for the truth, the principles of piety, and those other excellencies which the constitution enumerates, can you reject him because you understand him to be a Catholic? Would Pere La Salle, Fenelon, or Bishop Cheverus be disqualified by the fact of their faith alone to keep a school in Massachusetts?' "

Should a person be refused admission to the teaching profession merely because he is a Catholic? The question, "Are you a Catholic?" was not asked in 1775 when Catholics showed their staunch patriotism. Influenced by men like Charles Carroll in the South and Father Pierre Gibault in the West, Catholics did noble service for the cause of liberty. John Barry, a Catholic, is styled the "Father of the American Navy." Catholic France supplied to the cause of the Revolution both men and money. Catholic Spain also helped the Americans, as did Poland, who gave us such noble sons as Pulaski and Kosciusko. If Catholics have always responded so willingly, why were they not given a little recognition in the field of education? If for no other reason we certainly admire Horace Mann for his recognition of Catholics as leaders.

In 1848, Horace Mann entered a new chapter of his life. Congressman John Quincy Adams died and Horace Mann was appointed to fill his unexpired term. It was a critical period in

our history. Shall slavery be excluded or admitted to the territories was the question. In 1850 Webster made his famous speech in which he was opposed by the new-comer to Congress, Horace Mann. Today the statues of these two great men adorn the ground in front of our State House.

Mann ran for the Governorship of Massachusetts on the Free Soil Party platform but was defeated. This defeat restored Mann to education. A new college, Antioch, had been established at Yellow Springs, Ohio, by the Christian Church, and Mann was appointed President. It might fairly be called the first "experimental college" in America. A generous portion of the Antioch curriculum was devoted to the natural sciences. Another great feature of Mann's was his emphasis on moral sins. No one was to be graduated who had the "slightest smirch" on his moral character. Mann once remarked, "In a man devoid of morals, the intellect often acts as a mighty pander to all the evil passions." To Horace Mann, education was a preparation for life. Mann worked untiringly to keep Antioch in existence and to keep it financially afloat. Less than forty years after Mann's death most of the ideas of collegiate education which he advocated had been adopted.

In his last baccalaureate address at Antioch, Mann emphasized his love for humanity. "I pant, I yearn, for another warfare in behalf of right, in hostility to wrong, where without furlough, and without going into winter-quarters, I would enlist another fifty years' campaign, and fight it out for the glory of God and the welfare of man. . . . While to a certain extent you are to live for yourselves in this life, to a greater extent you are to live for others. . . . Nothing today prevents this earth from being a paradise but error and sin. These errors, these sins, you must assail. And I beseech you to treasure up in your hearts these my parting words: Be ashamed to die until you have won some victory for humanity." Thus Mann's final chapter in education ended. He returned to his home and died within a few weeks, having won his victory for humanity.

ALL WET

RITA MORRIS '37

THE day had been one of those dull rainy ones in the fall that has not the freshness of spring nor the softness of summer rains. It was not cold, but, as New Englanders say, raw. So, because the weather was bearable, though uncomfortable, I decided that there would be class at the Mission. I set out for my destination with scarcely a thought for my rubberless feet and lack of umbrella. I had tied a blue peasant bandanna over my hair and under my chin—and had slipped my hat over this. With my books held side-wise across my two arms I felt quite comfortable for walking.

For the first five minutes I swung along, liking the cool rain spraying on my face. There seemed to be no other walkers although it was mid-afternoon. Cars sped by, and the rear tires formed a little continuous fountain as the wheels hit the wet road in their swift revolutions. Suddenly the rain began falling more thickly. It was as if the heavens had been zippered open and the rain was besieging the earth. Little trickles of water started a course down my forehead stopping midway on my nose. I wiggled my nose to stop the tickling but it only annoyed me the more. I couldn't move my books onto one arm in order to wipe the drop away and there was no place to put them down unless I rested them on the curbing. And the bit of foresight I had warned me that in stooping to the curb, the passing cars would splash me worse than a little trickle. So another drop of rain washed the first drop away. It was not two minutes before my whole face was completely wet. As long as it kept freshly moist I knew it would not tickle. And at the moment it looked as if I would not have to worry about the stopping of the rain. I looked up to a stop light

and let the speeding cars go by. The light changed, I stepped to the curbing to cross, and a car swept around the corner hitting a huge puddle and soaking my feet. I drew my lips together in exasperation and hurried across. I looked up to see if there was any break in the sky. There wasn't, but as I looked I noticed how a shingled house was shining. The shingles were so completely soaked that the rain was not being absorbed and made a glassy surface like ice. The sidewalks were irregular and I found it a bit of a diversion to hop along the higher spots where there was the least water. I came to another cross street and no sooner looked around for cars than I heard a splash and felt my foot plowing through a puddle. I couldn't feel the actual wetness for my shoes had long since been completely saturated.

I started on the last lap. The Mission was only about ten minutes away. I crouched closer into my coat for I could feel the chill of the dampness on my back. At the same time I tried to pull my chin away from the wet fur collar. I looked at my books and saw that the red covers of Molière had faded on to the edges of the pages. My note book was wilted and wavy. Untidy notes peeping out here and there had been blurred, even beyond recognition.

Such rain! I looked around again and in a park I saw the stark boughs of a few lone trees glistening with wetness. The only beautiful part of the rain, in fact, was the unnatural shininess that it gave to the black streets, the wooden houses, the leafless bushes and trees.

The rain seemed destined not to let up. The books in my arms grew heavy. I felt the rain seeping in at my creased elbows. A breeze struck up and blew the rain into my face like a stinging whip or sharp needles. I came to the church and saw the dullish orange bricks had a mirror-like gloss. The cement between the blocks held tiny running rivers. There was really no escape for the mind from being saturated with the thought of rain when the world was completely drenched. I kicked another puddle, but I was only just realizing how wet I was. My cloth gloves were actually wringing. The fur on my coat lay perfectly flattened. There was not a

dry spot anywhere on my clothing. I bent my head and my hand felt my crocheted hat, as stiff as a board. At last I saw the Mission door. I rang the bell—the door opened and I heard "there are no classes to-day."

I looked up dazed. After my half hour walk in the drenching rain—there were no classes. I blinked my eyelids, still moist, stood a moment to take off my bandanna since I couldn't wear it on the street cars and took another five minute walk to the nearest elevated. "There are no classes to-day!" Indeed! Well—I would be philosophical! Home and dry clothes would be mine all the sooner and I never before had such a good opportunity to observe and to feel complete wetness.

A VALENTINE

DOROTHY FAHEY '37

A Valentine you bid me write
And not a thought within my sight
My pen knows not the way to start
'Tis easier to draw a heart.
But mid-night oil must burn to-night.

How to begin? That is my plight,
My thoughts are soaring to a height,
But on the paper sweet seems tart.
A Valentine?

But do I must, and make it bright,
"Your lips like rubies," that's not right.
I simply can't be ultra-smart
For all stays hidden in my heart.
A Valentine!

THE 'CELLO CASE

GERTRUDE COAKLEY '38

THE moon made one more feeble effort to pierce the clouds sitting on top of the trees, and faded again, leaving the night blacker than ever. But it was fitting that it should not shine on Russia that night, for it was a black night, one of horror and bloodshed. And it was well that it did not shine on the face of Sergey Nicoloff that night, for his anguish was great. He would not have noticed the moon, he did not notice its absence, or the heavy clouds, or the trees that straggled black and damp along the roadside. He walked around the puddles but he did not notice that he did—puddles that were smooth and black and as ugly as that night. He shifted a case from his right arm to his left, but still gripped it with both hands. The road tipped crazily into the valley, so deep that the pebbles scattered by Sergey's boots drew dotted lines in the mud as they rolled down hill. A light strained fitfully through the mist at the bottom. Sergey reached the light but did not know it until his feet struck the single railroad track that lay across the road. The mist was thick and warm at the bottom of the hill and seemed to steam and churn around the station. It was quiet—so quiet that Sergey's boots thumping on the wooden platform made the only sound. It was so quiet that tears of relief sprang to the station master's eyes when he saw Sergey. He knew Sergey and ordinarily would not have presumed to address him. But it was so quiet and so dreadful in Russia that night.

"Have you heard anything?" he whispered.

He did not realize that he was whispering and he started when Sergey said shortly, "Nothing more."

He was anxious to talk and to hear himself speak—anything

to break the appalling quiet, but he could say nothing to Sergey. And Sergey could not help the little man. They sat there in silence, the little man with tears running down his cheeks, and Sergey with his case across his knees.

Neither moved until they heard the train in the distance. Sergey went to the edge of the platform. The train had scarcely stopped when he stepped up into one of the cars, as if he could not get on and away from the station soon enough. The car was almost empty. The Russian people had been stunned and had not yet recovered from their stupor. Tomorrow there would not be many trains. Sergey stepped into a compartment. A porter followed him and held out his hand for the case.

"NO, I will take care of it!" and the porter backed out of the compartment at something he saw in his passenger's eyes.

Sergey put the case on the seat beside him. It was a violin-cello case and it gleamed deeply red against the dirty green plush seat. Its locks of burnished copper, intricately and elaborately designed, gave it a clumsy, heavy appearance. Sergey stroked it, "No, I'll take care of it. It's hers, and I'll take care of it." His hand caressed its smooth curves.

The train jerked to a start. The hiss of the steam pierced the mist, and the sensitive, raw spirit of the station master winced. He waved as he saw Sergey through the train window. But Sergey was looking straight ahead. And this time the shoulders of the little man shook with sobs—because it was quiet—and Sergey had not looked back—and he was tired and old and afraid. Afraid, because it was February 26, 1917—the day of the murder of the royal family of Russia.

1925—

A tiny gust of wind chased through the path, fluffed up Sergey's loose tie, and made little parts in his gray hair. Sergey smiled, as if to acknowledge the caress. He loved a park in the morning, especially this little park in Paris. He watched the people passing in front of him and listened to the sound of the traffic behind. Sergey's eyes were always a surprise. His thin face, pointed beard, gave promise of dark, sinister eyes—but wide

open, blue-gray, and deep, they were anything but sinister. A child's eyes, almost—they were so candid.

But they changed now as a little girl in pursuit of a dog almost fell at his feet. She looked up, saw his beard and smiled delightedly; saw his eyes, and ran back to her nurse. Sergey, unconscious of the child's terror, continued to stare at her, his expression strained and a little wild. When the child had gone he seemed to remember something and looked down on the bench beside him. It gleamed deeply red there against the green park bench—the 'cello case. Sergey lifted it and slowly left the park.

When he reached the hotel he went immediately to his room. The elevator boy did not smile at him as he usually did; he seemed preoccupied. There was a knock at his door just as he was closing the case. He snapped it shut and locked it.

"Yes? Come in."

The door seemed to open swiftly about six inches and close as quickly, but the little French manager was inside. Sergey smiled. The manager eyed it, nervously.

"Count Nicoloff—there,—er, there has come to my notice—a very unusual—a very——"

"Yes?"

Little beads of perspiration stood out on the manager's forehead.

"Count Nicoloff—your chambermaid has told me——."

Sergey's eyes narrowed. The manager plunged on.

"Count Nicoloff—my hotel has always been respectable—and I cannot afford any scandal. I am sorry, but you will have to leave immediately. Don't bother to settle your bill."

Sergey looked at him, puzzled. Then slow understanding came into his eyes and they lost their coldness and blueness. The manager slipped out and left Sergey alone.

Ten minutes later he had paid his bill and left the hotel and that warm sun of Paris on June 24, 1925, could not warm the coldness in his heart and in his eyes. The little manager wiped his fore-

head and sighed with relief as he watched him swing down the street. The French chambermaid shivered and watched him with eyes that seemed to have witnessed something from another world.

1936—

Sergey swung the water from his hat and leaned against the garden-house wall. He hoped the wind wouldn't tear the rose bushes. The snapdragons in the back garden were already beaten to the ground. They were so top-heavy and thin-stalked. He looked across the garden. He loved it—the grotesquely pruned trees, the marble statues. It was the most beautiful Italian garden he had ever seen. He put on his hat and stepped out into the rain again. He went out of the garden toward the garage. The chauffeur and his wife lived over it and he liked to go up there. It was so warm and friendly up there, and they were young.

He shed his wet things downstairs and went up to the kitchen. Eleanor was ironing. Just then she was folding a sheet and had one corner caught under her chin. She smiled at him and waved him to a seat.

"There's some apple pie in the pantry. You get it, will you? I have to get this done before supper."

Sergey smiled and refused it as he saw the cradle beside the ironing-board. Eleanor glanced sharply at him as he bent over the cradle.

"He's been very naughty today." She smiled, attempting an effect of lightness. But it faded again as she watched him. He bent over the cradle. He seemed not to hear her. His eyes were steel-gray and his face strained.

He never touched the children, just watched them. Eleanor shivered slightly, and greeted Tom with unusual warmth when he came in. Sergey greeted him shortly and left.

Tom looked at Eleanor questioningly as she leaned against him.

"Tom, there's something funny about him. I like him—but he acts so strangely sometimes. He gives me the shivers."

"They don't come any better, Eleanor. But he does act pretty queer sometimes."

Simultaneously they looked at the sleeping child, then at each other.

The night was as thin and as brittle as eggshells—the night of that same day. The storm had passed and the wind had swept every bit of cloud from the sky. Sergey should have been in bed but he was down by the pool in the garden. His white head rested against a pillar and it was a weary head. His lips moved but no sound came. He seemed to be watching something in the other side of the pool. He smiled a little and said:

"Yes, Nova, I'm taking care of her. Nova, don't worry. Don't worry, Nova."

He continued to smile, and his eyes were gentle and more serene than they had ever been, and a breeze ruffled his hair.

"Good-night, Nova."

He stooped and lifted the 'cello case which had been resting against his knee. He stepped down and slipped on the wet leaves. His head struck the base of the pillar, and he lay quiet.

They found him in the morning and they left him there until the doctor came. The case gleamed deeply red against the dew-wet grass. They had to pry his fingers from the handle of the case. They opened it and they found the mummified body of a child.

The papers carried an account of it. The French manager saw it and thought of his lucky escape. The French chambermaid saw it and felt chilled. Anloi Nicoloff, the brother of Sergey, saw it and hastened to Paris. He told the story of a young Russian couple. A young wife, receiving the shocking news of her brother's death at the hands of king's assassins on the day her child was born. An older husband, crazed with grief at her death and obsessed with the promise he had made her—to take care of their child—to keep it always with him. The child had died and its body and its father had disappeared. The papers also carried an account of a strange burial. A child dead for nineteen years was buried with its father in its mother's grave in Russia.

THE REASON WHY

AUDREY SWENDEMAN '39

I AM not a candidate for the Kate Smith Command Appearance, nor do I seek an award for bravery. I am simply (dare I say it?) a "Math major." In the eyes of many of my fellow students and, in fact, in the eyes of college students in general, that declaration is not something to be shouted from the housetops, not something to be proud of, but something hardly to be mentioned in polite society. No, the poor individual who in some demented moment has actually chosen to specialize in mathematics is an object of general pity, sympathy, and regret. Why? Why must we keep the fact a secret? Why must we reveal it shamefacedly only after long questioning? Why should we feel like criminals, whispering about it, plotting how to conceal it, how to escape from acknowledging it? Why cannot we proclaim to an approving audience, "I am a Math major"?

The condition of those enmeshed in other major subjects is really not enviable, if we examine it closely. The English major struggles with the insurmountable Anglo-Saxon, or agonizes body and soul to find a "word that rhymes with scissors." The girl who specializes in a language wrestles with phonetics that are twice as involved as mathematics symbols, and for the sake of vowel sounds practices weird facial contortions that make her almost as horrifying as Frankenstein. The science major is no better off, for the biologist dissects cats and discourses in words that would sadden even the heart of Noah Webster himself; the chemist labors 'mid hundreds of symbols, formulae and equations, and the physicist must solve problems that the bravest mathematician is not expected to attack. Yet it is on the math major that the English major, the language major, the chemist, the biologist, and even the physicist bestow their pity! Truly, this is the age of paradoxes.

I cannot understand the widespread fear and contempt of mathematics. I know it is not an easy subject, but I hardly think that any of the other subjects are quickly mastered. To me, French and German and biology seem terrifying; I would not have the courage to investigate the insides of a grasshopper, much less a cat, nor could I prate of vascular bundles and such with an intelligent look. But I do like mathematics, and I am not alone in my preference. There are six of us in the sophomore class, six against the world, and we are by no means budding geniuses who look solemnly out through professorial glasses. We do not discuss the value of trigonometry in our free time; neither do we investigate the relative merits of Einstein's theory. We could not understand his theory even if we tried.

Mathematics has always seemed to me to have a certain fascination, like a cross-word puzzle or an anagram. The problem is the key to the solution and the textbook is the supplementary dictionary. It is our task to put together the various pieces, fit them in where they belong, discard what is extraneous and gain the final goal, the answer. Not that every problem is easily solved, but once a problem is begun it is difficult to stop until the end is in sight. One failure only makes us more anxious to go back, find the wrong piece and discard it. The finished problem, as the finished picture, gives a feeling of satisfaction that is hard to explain but is in a small way akin to the feeling experienced by someone who has achieved a long-sought ambition. Rear Admiral Byrd could not have been more pleased on reaching the South Pole than we are when we accomplish our goal. Now, I do not mean to give the impression that majoring mathematics is a primrose path, free from thorns, a carefree calling of unadulterated joy. I find no delight in geometry, and practical problems fill me with deepest despair. In class, my unconscious propensity for erasing a blackboard with my fingers is considered neither praiseworthy nor to be encouraged. At night I spend hours agonizing over one problem, only to find, quite by accident, that I have brilliantly discovered that $2 + 2 = 6$, something entirely unsuspected by previous scientists.

Mathematics, moreover, has more advantages than a language.

The day before the Christmas vacation, we were informed that a test in symbols was the only barrier preceding our two weeks' freedom. Entirely innocent and unsuspicious, we put down the following symbols for various mathematical functions:

Median score	M
Constant ratio in a conic	e
Constant ratio in a geometric series	r
Radius of a circle	r
Ordinate of a point	y
Center of a circle	C
Altitude of a triangle	h
Pearsonian coefficient of correlation	r
Unit of imaginaries	i
Half the perimeter of a triangle	s
Length of tangent	t
Slope of a line	m
X-intercept of a curve	a
Side of a square	s

Though deterred by a few slight mistakes (I even read the symbols aloud successively), we eventually realized the meaning of this acrostic and accepted it as one more mark of the superiority of mathematics, no other subject being able to sponsor a similar feat.

Therefore, with unabashed courage and annoying persistence, I repeat my first assertion. I do not hang my head in shame, I do not whisper in frightened accents; I vaunt it fearlessly before the whole world. I major Mathematics!

FASCINATION

JOSEPHINE PILLION '38

I like to stand and watch the sea at night
To hear the giant waves and thunderous surf,
To see the distant ships pass out of sight
And watch the sea gulls skimming swift to earth;
At dawn to watch the men along the shore
Hauling the heavy boats onto the beach,
As barefooted they shout 'mid ocean's roar
While pulling them beyond the waters' reach.
I like to watch a fog creep o'er the sea
And hear the mournful buoy's ghostly toll
Which warns approaching ships to flee the rocks
While monstrous swirling breakers moan and roll.
What glamour girds the ever restless sea
It holds an unending mystery for me.

DISENCHANTMENT

MARY DOWCETT '38

I love the gleaming treasures of the tide;
They lie so bright within the pools of jade,
Some rich rare lace in royal purple dyed
Some gems of blue on dusted silver laid;
But I draw near, the shining lights all fade.
A spray of star-struck ocean splashes the land.
But my human touch of fairy stuff has made
The lace mere weeds—the silver dust mere sand,
And worst of all the gems just pebbles in my hand.

THE PROBLEM OF A PROMISE

MARY M. HENDERSON '37

THE moon was riding high in the heavens casting a cold, bright light on the still, white world far below.

Dr. Jon Bernssen paused on his skiis to rest awhile in a little clearing, halfway down the mountain trail. The scene before him was one of breath-taking beauty. For miles around could be seen snow-covered pines, an ice-mantled lake in the distance, everything hushed in that stillness which seems to accompany deep, soft snow, and straight before him he could perceive his cabin, nestled cozily in a little valley at the foot of the slope. So near did it seem that one leap appeared all that was needed to scale the tree tops and land conveniently in the space behind the cabin.

Life, reflected Dr. Jon bitterly, was something like that. Your goal was right in front of you, seemingly within reach, yet the means to attain it were slow, painstaking paths which eventually after much twisting and turning led to it.

Now he was gazing before him with unseeing eyes. His thoughts were back at the hospital hundreds of miles away from this solitude; he was hearing the voice of Dr. Richards, his life long friend, booming at him.

"Man alive — don't you see it's opportunity knocking at your door? where's your common sense, — have I trained you all these years for nothing? The trouble with you is you've been overworking, — didn't have a vacation this summer either, did you? Hmph! Why don't you take some time off, — take a little trip to those woods you're always raving about where your grandfather settled

when he came over from Norway or wherever it was — pretend you're a boy again — relax — and think this thing over."

Dr. Jon sighed heavily. Richards probably thought him very ungrateful after all the older man had done for him, seeing him over some rough spots in medical school, helping him to a decent start and keeping a watchful eye over him as he had begun his slow but sure climb upward. And now had come the thing he had always dreamed of, — a chance to continue his special line, brain surgery, in Vienna. Vienna! The name was magical to him! He knew that was also part of Dr. Richard's doings, — the man appeared to be influential everywhere, it seemed to Dr. Jon. Thus he had come up to his beloved woods, situated away up in the northern part of Michigan to try and think things over.

It wasn't that he feared failure, he didn't, nor was he too old to be making such a change, still in his thirties; it was the thought of what would become of little Jan, his baby daughter, whom he idolized. The thought of her saddened him as it only served to remind him of the sorrow and loneliness caused by the death of Jan's beautiful Irish mother, Sheila, who died when Jan was born.

Sheila, with her strong faith, her winning smile, her warm generosity had been completely and thoroughly an orphan. As far as relatives were concerned she had nothing, but she had made up this "lack of kith and kin," as she used to say, by her host of friends. And one of them, young Dr. Jon, had fallen in love with her. Her friends had been skeptical — "He's a fine type of man, Sheila but after all he's not one of the fold, you know."

But Sheila had been stubborn and perhaps the thought of marriage to promising young Dr. Bernssen had spelled protection and security. At any rate she married him and for a year they were ideally happy. Then Jan was born and Dr. Jon knew his first real sorrow.

He could still see Richards walking towards him and as a man in a dream, heard him say.

"You'd better go to her Jon, we've done everything humanly

possible, her heart just isn't strong enough." Dr. Jon had gone and knelt heartbrokenly by the bed —

"It's all right Jon," she had whispered, "Father Walsh is taking care of her Baptism, but after that — Jon, you must promise that she'll be brought up a Catholic, promise me, or" and the old twinkle came into her eyes — "or I'll summon every banshee and leprechaun from Ireland to haunt you the rest of your life."

Dr. Jon smiled sadly — he had loved to tease Sheila about her stories of the well-known banshees, leprechauns, and other Irish fairies —"Laugh if you like," she'd retort with a toss of her head, "but every true Irishman believes in them."

That was three years ago and since that time he had literally buried himself in his work to ease his tortured mind. Jan was now a happy, tumbling baby and was his chief problem. His sister Gretchen had taken care of her since her mother's death. She and her husband were very fond of the baby who played so contentedly with their own children.

"It's the logical thing to do," mused Dr. Jon —"to leave her in Gretchen's excellent care, she needs a woman to look after her." "But, what of the religious question? Still," he argued to himself," she's only three — the thing for you to do is to go ahead over to Vienna — make something of yourself, a name, career, then send for her when she's older, let her decide the religious question when she can reason things for herself."

It was the same old argument — he'd been thrashing it out ever since he had arrived at the cabin. "What do you know about bringing up a child?" he had asked himself a hundred times and had to admit a hundred times that he knew very little. "I've got to do what's best for the child, regardless of the sacrifice it will cost me to leave her here," he finally decided. Glancing at his watch he noted the lateness of the hour — readjusted his skiis, and with lips set in a determined line he pushed off down the trail. Dr. Jon had reached decision.

* * * *

The group of young people were making ready to shove off from the clearing halfway down the mountain trail.

"Hurry up, not much time left to make that return snow train," someone shouted.

"There'd better be time, I'm starved."

"Wait for me."

"I'll beat you down," echoed in the night as the party went laughingly down the trail.

One straggling couple remained behind for a last look at the view. Snow, pine trees, lake and moon were just the same but here and there were more cabins, larger and more modern, and near the lake could be seen what looked like a miniature railroad station, the tracks winding and curving like a black snake in the distance, losing itself in the snow.

"Gosh, Jan, you certainly can ski," admiringly remarked the young man.

"Well," laughed Jan, "I guess I come by it naturally. Father, and his father and so on, were all outdoor people and then I had some wonderful times skiing over in Europe whenever Dad got time to snatch a vacation from his work."

"Are you glad to be home for good Jan?" queried Paul.

"We-el," she hesitated, "Yes and no"—"You see Aunt Gretchen was simply furious when Dad took me to Vienna with him twenty years ago and sent me to a convent school over there, but she will never get over the fact that he became a Catholic. One reason why I loved coming back here was to visit this old place because Dad often told me that right on this very spot he made up his mind about taking me with him. And," she continued, "you know it's the queerest thing, but every time Aunt Gretchen says, 'Jon, I can't understand why you ever did such thing — taking her away over there,' Dad always answers with a twinkle, 'Believe it or not, Gretchen — but that night I started down the trail, an army of banshees and leprechauns appeared and blocked my path — that even you with your iciest glare could not have budged!'" With their young laughter floating back on the cold air, the two of them sped happily down the slope.

OUT OF THE EARTH AND FIRE

CLAIRE BUSBY '37

BEFORE books were written, before records were made, far back in the dim mists of prehistoric days, man made pots of clay. Whether clay was first used to waterproof the roof of a primitive shelter, for making rough bricks, or crude vessels in which to store seed, will probably never be known. We do know, however, that during this unrecorded time man discovered that moist clay could be molded into almost any definite shape and could be hardened by exposure to heat. Potsherds and broken bits of pottery tell us this. I have found mention in the Bible and in the writings of archeologists, recently returned from an expedition to the Biblical countries, traces and samples of the ancient craft, left by the cave and tree dwellers. Durable and lasting for thousands of years, the products of the potter's art tell an inspiring story of man's emergence from a mere struggle for existence to a full and abundant life, in which the creation and appreciation of beauty has an important place. I have also found that step by step we can follow the development of a picturesque craft that has possibly more facets of beauty than any other, beauty of form, beauty of color, beauty of texture as well as beauty of decoration and design.

The first vessels were made solely for use, crude, heavy, fired first by exposure to the sun, then in an open fire, later in a kiln, which with the potter's wheel was invented many centuries before Christ. The first attempts at decoration were, as in wood carving, cuts and gouges that by repetition made a pattern. These cuts, made in damp clay for decorative purposes, later led to their use for the preservation of records on clay tablets. Lines and symbols were fired into the clay, leaving to later generations the

story of an early Egyptian and Assyrian culture that antedates books. Little do we realize the heritage that has been handed down to us! The earliest known examples of decorated pottery have been found in Egypt, and were made four thousand years before Christ, the first color decoration being developed from the use of different colored clays.

The next step seems to have been the discovery of glazes and enamels, followed by the use of these brilliant colors in every civilized country in the world, each developing new and unusual methods of application. In ancient Babylonia and Assyria, tiles of orange and blue and black adorned the buildings; in Greece, graceful urns were decorated with bands of black figures on red and geometric designs of circles and lines. We have all seen how the Romans evolved a gorgeous sequence of color ranging from salmon to a deep red that has not been reproduced since the days when Roman culture was in its ascendancy. Persian pottery is distinguished by blue, green, and purple lusters on a white ground. From the Moors in Spain and Sicily came gold luster, light yellow, deep yellow, and red gold, the result of an effort to reproduce in pottery the beauty of the solid gold dishes that graced the boards of kings. I have seen much of the latter displayed of late, due, I suppose, to the Spanish situation.

Most exciting of all this fascinating story to me was the introduction of porcelain from China, where Ceramic art reached its height. At the time that Columbus was sailing westward to discover America, the first pieces of porcelain, small vases and bowls, were brought by traders from the Far East. It was an amazing substance, so hard that it rang like a bell when tapped,—white, translucent, pure, and lovely. All Europe acclaimed its beauty. Members of the royal families went down to the piers in person to have the first selection of pieces brought in by the trading ships. All were eager for the secret formula for such a product. It was a period of high hope and bitter disappointment, of endless search and tireless effort, in which noble patrons joined as intensely as craftsmen. Man after man claimed to have found the secret, funds were secured, patents applied for, only to end in failure. Northern Germany came the nearest with stoneware.

I have heard many stories told of those feverish days. A barber in Germany discovered a fine, white clay which he used to powder wigs. This proved the forerunner to the solution of the great mystery. A potter in Saxony who perfected a substance nearly like the Chinese porcelain was imprisoned for fear he would carry his precious secrets elsewhere. Bottger carried the art a step further and the famous factory at Meissen was started. In 1712, a Jesuit priest in China at last managed to send complete information back to France, and the royal factory at Sevres was established. The white clay that is the base of porcelain is today known as kaolin, from the Chinese word Kao-Ling. From this time on, the history of ceramics is simply a history of names.

In England we have the well known Crown Derby, Doulton, and Wedgwood in the fore. France has Limoges, Quinper, Tenegra figurines, and the world famous platters of Pallissy, a sight to behold at any time! Germany and the Netherlands have blue Delft, gres de Flanders, Dresden and Meissen, while Italy excels in majolica and graffito ware. Likewise, Spain, Portugal and Copenhagen have famous potteries. In America we have, of course, the simple forms and glazes of Carolina potteries, the unique ware of the southwestern Indian, the Rockwood potteries, and the Educational potteries of various colleges and universities.

DID YOU KNOW

PAULINE BIRD '38

Did you know as I knew
It would end;
Did you find as I found
Just a friend;
Or was Fate kind to you,
Did it send:
Someone's voice and the sound
Balm would lend?

LONGING

RITA LEE '38

I long to return to the ocean,
To traverse the raging main,
To feel the long swells all a-motion,
To sail on in the wind and rain;
To stand on the deck at dawning
When the water is all a-gleam;
To walk in the sun all the morning
While the gulls round the vessels scream;
To stand by the wheel in the moonlight
When the light makes a shimmering way;
To be lulled to sleep in the twilight
By the motion of waves at play.
Oh, soon I'll return to the billowing sea,
For the ocean is calling, still calling to me.

EVENING

CLAIRE E. BUSBY '37

The day was done, the glory died
Along the slanting purple hills,
And from the shining west had slipped
The golden light of daffodils.

A hush stole over the dim woods;
Down through the tree tops, darkness crept,
Leaned close, and listened for the pause
That came when all things slept.

Then in the pale sky far away
Was born a single spray of light
That hung there breathless and alone,
Till all stars burst and it was night.

GALOSHES

ALICE C. QUARTZ '37

THE winter season may mean the height of activity for the business man, it may mean the lack of inspiration for the budding poet, it may mean a great deal of enjoyment for the outdoor-sport enthusiast, but for all, it means the season which requires an ugly and unwelcomed addition to the human apparel, commonly called "overshoes," occasionally termed "galoshes." "Galoshes" is the more suggestive word; it implies something awkward and bulky. "Galoshes" and "slushy sidewalks" harmonize right into the same category—the unpleasantries of winter. Consider the amount of pleasure subtracted from a walk in the brisk winter air due to the disagreeableness of excess footwear. Probably more pleasure is derived at the termination of the walk when that grand feeling of freedom results from the removal of the galoshes.

Removing galoshes requires a great amount of skill because apparently they enjoy our company more than we enjoy theirs. They always appear reluctant—even stubborn when their protection is no longer necessary and their wearer begins to pull them off. Generally when an extraordinary amount of strength is used there is a lack of concentration on one's equilibrium which results in one's overshoe partly off and one's equilibrium all off. It is most entertaining to watch a dainty little creature endeavor to remove the nasty old things with two fingers on the galoshes and the other three holding the same flighty pose they effect when in the vicinity of a tea-cup. Ghoulish glee overpowers me, when after witnessing the above procedure, the shoe comes off with the galosh. A happy medium, in the amount of strength expended, and a scientific method generally performs the distasteful task most adequately.

It is almost unfair to dwell on galoshes without commending the artistic improvements made on the tin-buckled black models which were donned by the best dressed not so long ago. But even though rusty buckles have been displaced by zippers, and cloth tops disregarded in favor of rubber, overshoes have not yet won any popularity due to their beauty.

The coming of spring may mean a let down in activity for the business man, it may mean the rebirth of inspiration for the poet, it may mean the change from ski poles to golf clubs for the athlete but it is also the coming of the season when we can again walk unencumbered by any hindrances—we can again put our right foot forward and feel as though we are putting just our right foot forward.

REQUITAL

GERTRUDE COAKLEY '38

I've seen her plans,
Hoped for me.
I've seen her hands,
Work for me.
I've seen her smile,
Just for me.
I've seen her tears,
Shed for me.

I've scorned her plans,
Selfishly.
I've watched her hands,
Thanklessly.
Erased her smile,
Heedlessly.
Ignored her tears,
Foolishly.

BEAUTY SHOP

HARRIET CARRITTE '38

BETTY'S BOB SHOPPE was doing a rushing business. Every green-enameled chair was occupied. Every back number magazine was in use. Betty and her young assistant were working feverishly in the two makeshift booths, tweaking an eyebrow here, smoothing a touch of lipstick there, doing the hundred and one things that make up the composite picture of Milady Beautiful.

Betty stepped from her booth. Its late occupant came behind her, flushed from the heat of the dryer and Betty's vigorous ministrations.

"There, Mrs. Merrigan, your wave looks lovely. Doesn't your mother look pretty, Anna? Come in again, Mrs. Merrigan. You're next, dearie. What'll yours be?"

A thin, plain girl of fifteen or so rose from her place by the wall and followed Betty into the booth.

"I want a wave—a finger wave. And—will it take long?"

"Why, not so very, dearie. I'll hurry it if you want me to. Sit down there. Are you going some place special?"

The plain face flushed with pleasure.

"Yes, I'm going to a party—my first big party. And I do want to look nice. I had to beg mother *so* hard to let me have my hair done."

"Well, you just wait till I've finished with you, dearie. You won't know yourself. That's all I can say."

The woman looked at the girl before her in the chair. Not much to start with, she decided. Straight hair, rather poor color.

Good teeth, though, and nice hands. But no figure at all; absolutely none. She brought herself up with a jerk.

"I'll shampoo your hair, dearie. And wave it. Is the party tonight?"

"Yes. I'm not really used to the idea yet. I've only known since yesterday."

"Well, then, I'll give you a manicure, too. How about it?"

"I—don't—know. Mother might not—Yes (with a sudden burst of decision), go ahead. I'll pay for it myself."

Without another word Betty set to work. There was complete silence for the next fifteen minutes.

"What did you say your name was, dearie? I always like to know people's names."

"Agatha. Agatha Morse. Isn't it hideous? Agatha! When there are so many pretty names mother could have given me."

"Oh, well, dearie," Betty rubbed briskly, "names don't make so much difference, if you're good company and people like you."

The girl sat up with a jerk.

"That's just it," she wailed. "People don't like me. I'm so ordinary looking. And I can't think of interesting things to say. Mother says if I keep on this way I'll never get a man." With this dismal announcement her body settled back into its dispirited lines.

"Don't the boys like you, dearie?" Betty was instantly sympathetic.

"No. And my clothes are so terrible. Mother chooses them all. She says I haven't any sense at all about clothes."

"Well, never you mind, dearie. This is one party you're going to have a good time at. You look swell." Betty stepped back and surveyed her handiwork with pride.

The girl brightened.

"Do I really look nice, Miss—Miss—?"

"Just call me Betty. Everybody does."

"Well, Betty. Do I really, though?"

"You certainly do, dearie. That'll be a dollar and a half. Now you have a good time tonight. And the next time you're going to a party, you come back to me. I'll fix you up. Good-bye, dearie."

"Good-bye, Miss—er—Betty. I know I'll have a good time."

* * *

Miss Agatha Morse, social secretary and traveling companion to the richest termagant in New York, put her glasses in their case and got up from her desk.

"I'm going out to have a wave and a facial," she said tentatively to the empty room. Then, without glancing in a mirror, she put a brown felt hat on her head, pulled on her gloves, and picked up her purse. She hurried down the stairs and looked in at the living room door.

"I'm going out for a short while, Miss Burney. If you don't mind—?"

"You be back here early, Agatha. There's lots to do here this afternoon. It isn't often I have a dinner party; but when I do I expect you to give me some assistance."

Agatha stood in the doorway indecisively. Perhaps it might be better——. No, she decided with a rare burst of self-assertion, She would go. It was months since she'd done anything to please herself.

"I'll be back in plenty of time," she said firmly. "Good-bye."

The old woman looked at the empty doorway in astonishment. She hadn't thought the girl had any will power in her. A colorless little thing; but efficient.

"Rather have someone with some spirit," she snapped. "Little nincompoop. Don't know what George will think of her! Tell me I was a fool to hire her, I suppose."

Just twenty minutes later Agatha stepped into the revolving doors of the city's largest department store. Another five minutes she was standing at the door of the fifth-floor beauty shop.

"I'd like to have a wave," she remarked apologetically to the Being at the desk.

"Certainly," the young lady replied, eyeing Agatha's sensible shoes. "Come this way."

Agatha felt herself being handed into a booth. She took off her hat and gloves and looked in the mirror. Her lips tightened. For once she was going to spend as much as she pleased.

"You give me everything you have." Grim determination was in her voice.

"Certainly, moddom. Shampoo, wave, facial, manicure. And how about a lemon rinse? It would work wonders. I have one myself every week."

Agatha looked at the girl's hair and gasped faintly. Then a look of resolution came into her face.

"Yes, I'll have that, too. And—and—fix my eyebrows."

As the girl went expertly to work, Agatha began to feel a qualm. She'd look cheap! What would Miss Burney say? She bit her lip nervously. And her nephew George would be there tonight. George, whom she talked about from morning till night. George, who was only forty, and yet immensely wealthy.

* * *

"And let me tell you, Miss, he made it all himself. George has expensive tastes; he needs money to satisfy 'em." Miss Burney was inordinately fond of dealing out this information. "George is lively. He likes a good time. That's why he's never tied himself down with a wife. Says, if he ever does, it's going to be a girl he falls in love with the first time he sees her."

Agatha had always yawned when the old woman reached this point and returned to her tatting. She had always liked fancy work.

"Why don't you get married, Miss Agatha?" The old lady had been in a vixenish mood the night this remark had been made. "You're thirty-one. It's about time, I should say."

Agatha had smiled thinly then and settled her feet on a hassock.

"I have never wished to get married, Miss Burney."

The old woman had snorted and returned to her cards in disgust.

"That's all, Miss. How do you like it?"

Agatha came back to the present with a start. She glanced in the mirror, then gazed at herself speechlessly.

Why, she was beautiful! Her green eyes glittered. Her hair shone. Her softly flushed cheeks and rosy lips seemed to be those of a stranger.

"It's lovely. Lovely!"

"Five dollars, please," the girl said practically.

Agatha pulled out the money and without another word hurried off to the dress department.

* * *

At the dinner table that evening Miss Burney watched her with narrowed eyes. The girl had certainly been improved. She was lovely. But what was that old adage—she groped about in her mind—something about a purse—and a cow—no, a sow——. She gave it up in disgust. Her memory was getting worse and worse. She turned to her nephew.

"Are you having a good time, George?"

"Aunty, the tops. But that girl of yours! Man!" He winked eloquently. "Remember what I used to say about getting married?"

"George Carstairs, don't you be a fool!" his aunt snapped. "She's not the girl for you. She's a born old maid."

"Aunty, Aunty. With that hair and those eyes! You're afraid you'll lose a good secretary."

* * *

Madame's Platinum Salon was a wonder of gleaming modernism. Its shiny mirrored walls, its white-leather and chromium furnishings, its huge glass cases filled with preparations for the beautifying of milady, were a bit awe-inspiring. That is, until you got used to them. Madame's regular customers—or clientele, as she preferred to call them—said that the salon had atmosphere. (One husband said that, considering the prices she charged, Madame could afford to furnish atmosphere.)

The great door from the reception hall swung slowly open. Madame's manager glided forward to welcome the newcomer. Madame believed firmly in a flattering reception as a means of putting a customer in a generous frame of mind.

"I want a permanent wave." The little woman in the dowdy hat spoke in a tone of discreet confidence.

"Certainly, Madam. Did you have an appointment?"

"Why—ah—why, no. I didn't," in a worried undertone. "I suppose I should have. Had I better come some other time?"

"We usually require that appointments be made. But I think I shall be able to make an exception for you. Just one moment, if you please."

In less than that she returned, with a white-uniformed operator in her wake.

"Celeste will take care of you, Madam. And if you will give me your name—? We *do* like to become acquainted with our patrons."

"Why, certainly. I am Mrs. Carstairs. Mrs. George Carstairs. Here" (with a little fluttering movement she opened the big, expensive purse), "here is my card."

"Thank you, Madam. I hope we shall have the pleasure of seeing you frequently. Now, Celeste will give you any treatment you may wish to have."

Mrs. Carstairs slipped away obediently behind the white uniform, into the spacious booth at the end of the room.

"Can you be through by five, please? My husband is to call for me."

"I'll do my best, Madam. It takes a long time, you know."

"Oh, yes, of course. Only he does so hate to be kept waiting."

Supplied with a magazine, Mrs. George Carstairs sat patiently for four hours, glancing now and then at the watch on her wrist as its hands moved toward five. At ten minutes before, she emerged from the booth, slipped on the mink coat that was so incongruous with the black hat. She sighed half-audibly. George never liked her hats. And she did try so hard to please him. Perhaps she

should come to the beauty shop more often. She hoped he'd like her permanent. Two minutes to five. She'd better go outside. She paid her bill, the amount of which left her feeling rather stunned, and slipped inconspicuously out. George was waiting in the big limousine. The chauffeur assisted her in.

"Good Lord, Agatha, didn't I tell you last week to buy a new hat? That one is—is—it's unspeakable!"

Agatha spoke in a muffled tone.

"Oh, George, I just didn't get around to it. Oh, I do try so hard to please you."

George Carstairs looked at her silently for a moment. Then, with a slight shrug of indifference he turned toward the window.

MY POESY

BARBARA F. GILL '38

The hours I spend on thee, dear heart
Are as a prisoner's chain to me;
I count them over, each one apart
  My poesy, my poesy.

Each line a verse, each verse a line
And four lines will a stanza make
I read them over unto the end—and find
  They have no rhyme.

Oh, how you mock my feeble brain
My anger mounts, I count to ten
I grind my teeth and then in vain
  I try again, dear heart, I try again.

EDITORIAL

It was not without considerable thought and trepidation that the present staff of the ETHOS decided to make a slight departure this year from the usual order of things and to increase the members of its staff. Heretofore, only two classes were represented. Now we intend to cover the entire student body—Freshmen—Sophomores—Juniors—Seniors. Our desire in this new undertaking is to preserve as much as possible the high literary tone, which marked the excellent work of our predecessors. Will you cooperate and help us reach our goal by contributing to *your* magazine? Write for it. Help it grow in beauty and literary excellence.

In its years of experience the ETHOS has sought issue by issue to grow in perfection. In accordance with this policy, by dint of no little labor and some innovation we have attempted to set this issue at least one step nearer the goal. Perfection was the mark at which we aimed, but we realize that we have hardly reached it. How we have succeeded remains for our readers and critics to decide. We trust, however, that our subscribers and friends will find something of interest in the columns we have devoted to more serious topics, and in those of a less serious nature something of amusement.

Remember all contributions are gratefully received. Poems—Essays—Short Stories—One Act Plays—in short anything you would pledge worthy of the name Emmanuel. Don't be a slacker. Let us all join in, one and all, and all for the ETHOS.

SIDELIGHTS

WEDNESDAY—9:05

DOROTHY FAHEY '37

Class is about to start. Hurried last looks into text-books and then to the inevitable. A brief case crammed with books (most of them never used) is unpacked. "Well," he begins. "Here it is Wednesday again. You know I look forward all week to this day when I come to teach the brilliant students of—— at Emmanuel." The words fall on deaf ears. Those in the rear are most cautiously turning page after page. The martyrs in front are gazing with horrified expressions at those little slips of paper (yellow being the predominant color). "I suppose you want your little test," smiling in a seemingly sympathetic way. "It isn't that I want to be unpleasant. These quizzes are to help you. You don't know how they simplify the material." Audible groans fill the air. Expectant minds are busy probing for a light. Pens are ready, but still the voice goes on. Will he never start! At last the papers are passed. "No communication, please. Fifteen minutes. Make the answers brief and to the point. Quality, not quantity." Pens start to work, weary souls rejoice when finally the bell rings. "Next chapter for tomorrow. We-uh-will have a little quiz." Murderous glances are met with a smiling countenance; the recipient of same glances packs his bag, smirking a little as he puts in the yellow papers.

TUESDAY—1:50

RUTH GALLAGHER '37

"I think you had better take some more of these valuable and important notes" are the words which fall on our weary ears. Heaving a great sigh the class grips its available writing material and prepares to take down about seventeen pages of notes to a rapid

fire dictation. As the dulcet strains of his even voice is wafted to us we become a little bit weary but he senses this for there is a great commotion on the desk—newspapers, as well as *Saturday Evening Posts,* various and sundry other chronicles of the day fly about at a great pace for a few minutes and finally out of the chaos emerges *the* editorial of the day which is assigned to another more even voice to be read. After this is over everyone wakes up for *the* pencil. This is a beautiful affair. It has seen continued service for at least ten years—it fits nicely into a closed fist without either end showing—and the points—ah! that is a subject for debate—whether there is one or not. But we digress; to get back to the subject, this Thing is poised above the class list but put carefully down to the tune of "I guess I have enough absent marks for the Dean." Ah, the bell and all the stuff on the desk is stowed away into an immense brief case which he tucks under his arm and thus our little professor travels on.

THE PEST ROOM

BARBARA F. GILL '38

Brrrr-r-r-r! Is class actually over? You can hardly believe your ears as you casually unwind your legs from the chair of the girl in front of you. A free period seems like a gift from the gods. Your head aches, your feet seem to be lead as you drag them in the direction of the rest room. Will you ever make it? As you enter the sanctum you think that you are in the middle of a game of Dodge Ball. This game has its similarities but it is played with sofa pillows. Emerging safely from the attack, you commence to reconnoiter for the purpose of finding some place where you may rest your weary body. One couch is occupied by a group of seven or eight individuals making an unsuccessful attempt at the "Hit of the Week." The sole occupant of the other couch is Madame X, so-called because of the fact that only the top of her head is visible above the blanket which envelops her. You suppress a rash desire that she will smother so that you may have the couch. At last a friend of a friend of yours offers you a half of her half of the rocker. You relax. The Freshman fresh air fiend craves more oxygen and throws up the windows with abandon. You give

her a Simon Legree stare but to no avail. She is too busy sniffing the breeze like a hound on a scent. "Say! do you know what I heard?"—The group in the southwest corner pull their chairs closer together and go into a huddle on the forty yard line. The door opens. Just someone looking for someone. Your head throbs. It seems as if a thousand drums were beating in your ears. The Sophomore German group attempt an oral recitation of German verbs, competing with the Junior Education 12 enthusiasts discussing early American schools. A quiz is in the air. "Oh, Ruth, you'd look smooth with your hair parted in the middle. Let's try it." A hair dressing class ensues. You groan audibly but to no avail. There is no rest for the weary in a rest room. This is the test room where all types of cases are tried and decisions handed down promptly. The group on the couch weaken as the pangs of hunger gnaw at their stomachs. The cafeteria calls and the thundering herd departs. You make a five yard dash for the couch —and win! Sweet peace, sweet rest. You forget everyone about you as you bask in the luxury of the pillows. Hark! what is that familiar sound which breaks your reverie? It is time for class once more. What a power a bell doth have!

BROOKLINE AVENUE

MARY DYNAN '37

A small face touched with delicate, pink tints of "boxed health," crowned with a head of croquinoled, reddish hair appears at the outlook window. The black swinging door is suddenly pushed open and there she stands—our little French Mamselle. Her duty calls. The girls are ready to leave her Coffee shoppe, she must be there to see them off. With soft, white hands she daintily takes the charge-slip, then; "Thirty cents from fifty, have you anything smaller?" The cash register clicks. She turns from the till, she metes out the change: "Thirty, forty, fifty," then, "Thank you" and oh, "you" are someone! Her voice softens, rises, loses its dull monotony and trills over that word. Is she impressed by you? Do you mean something to her? Do not be fooled, all "you's" are the same to her:—Mademoiselle is the cashier.

REVIEWS

"AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF G. K. CHESTERTON"

CLAIRE STANTON '40

Chesterton had too large a heart, too little conceit, and too great an interest in others to ever write a real autobiography. That is why in the *Autobiography of G. K. Chesterton* the first two chapters are devoted to his parentage and early childhood; the succeeding ones to philosophical reflections, and reminiscences of dear friendships. But in a deeper sense this is more than a book of memories; in the graphic sketches of Maurice Baring, Edward Bentley, Henry James, and Hilaire Belloc in particular, one glimpses the rollicking humor, the keen insight, and the endearing kindliness that made up Chesterton.

It is impossible to refrain from smiling at things like Chesterton's typical summary of his parentage. He says: "I regret that I have no gloomy and savage father to offer to the public gaze as the true cause of all my tragic heritage . . . that there was nothing in the range of our family more racy than a remote and mildly impecunious uncle, and that I cannot do my duty as a true modern, by cursing everybody who made me whatever I am. I am not clear about what that is, but I am pretty sure that most of it was my own fault."

Throughout his life Chesterton always had a sense of values. Upon his entrance into the Catholic Church this quality was confirmed and intensified. But notwithstanding his wisdom in worldly things, he was always very simple in the spiritual. In speaking of a man after Confession he says:

"He is now a new experiment of the Creator. . . . The accumulations of time can no longer terrify. He may be grey and gouty; but he is only five minutes old."

Chesterton was just such "an experiment of the Creator." He was perpetually child-like.

I think in reviewing *The Autobiography of G. K. Chesterton,* one should not pass over his tribute to the other half of the "Chester-Belloc." At a celebration for Belloc on his sixtieth birthday, Chesterton recalls the words of a well-known English poet and he says in tribute to his friend:

"For what the poet said to his friend is all that I could have added, in a merely personal spirit, to the many things that were said that night about Hilaire Belloc, and I should not have been ashamed if the words had sounded like a vaunt:

"Nor without honour my days ran,
Nor yet without a boast shall end;
For I was Shakespeare's countryman
And were not you my friend."

For those who know Chesterton from other books, his autobiography needs no introduction. For those who have not yet discovered him, this book should be an introduction. His humor, his loyalty to his friends, his love for the Faith he adopted, shine out from the pages of his autobiography. With the end of the book there are still many choice things about Chesterton omitted, many stories untold. It might also be quoted of Chesterton

"In my end is my beginning."

"WHITE BANNERS"

By Lloyd Douglas

MARIE KEEFE '40

Lloyd Douglas's absorbing new book, *White Banners,* is more than a novel. It is a story of private valor, treating also of philosophy and religion. Like its predecessor, *Green Light, White Banners* owes its success to the fine moral tone of the book and the clever unravelling of the plot, bringing all the complications to a happy conclusion. It is an account of the miraculous changes wrought by Hannah Parmalee in the home of the Wards, where she is employed as a domestic.

The characters are all vividly and accurately drawn, and the

moral and practical development of each is due in no small measure to the influence that Hannah exercises over them. It is Hannah that pilots the Ward family through a score of turbulent years, with her shrewd philosophy and somewhat humorous speech as her chief guide. It is she who shares with the family their joy in their final triumph over the hazards of the economic and social world. Her theory of non-combativeness and her opposition to conflict are surprisingly modified when she realizes that strife to some degree can build up moral stamina.

Hannah is always able to offer advice for the solution of various depressing problems and influences. Not only her imaginary family but also any chance readers of the book who are faced with some perplexing question are helped. The story is interrupted from time to time and brief discourses on the fundamental beliefs that give rise to Hannah's poise and wisdom are discussed. The character of the incomparable woman, however, reminds one of the damsels in the days of King Arthur, in that she seems too efficient and intelligent a person to exist.

White Banners is a novel with an appeal to any age or taste. It carries the message that patience and service are conducive to spiritual and material serenity, and begs for forgiveness in life's trials. There are some sophisticates and cynics who will reject the constructive philosophy, but there are also others who will accept the counsel of Hannah with some limitations. Her advice of non-resistance to Paul seems to him to be merely a swan song and he complains:

"I've been doing nothing lately but run up white flags."

"No,—not white flags, Paul. White Banners! You haven't surrendered. You have just taken a new position."

DRUMS ALONG THE MOHAWK

By Walter Edmonds

EILEEN KEANE '40

Yielded to the comfort of an arm-chair, warmed to the right temperature, lighted by a soft glow of electric light—appreciation of such an atmosphere is engendered while reading *Drums Along*

the Mohawk, a frontier novel in which a household boasted two chairs, a person either shivered away from the fireplace or sizzled near the heat, and he read by firelight and daylight. The story treats of the Mohawk Valley in the days of the American Revolution, from the viewpoint of those independent settlers who were too far north to share more than a semblance of protection from Congress. Mr. Edmonds vivifies historical figures; the reader meets them as live, human characters. They mingle with fictional people to create an exciting story of the absolute savagery these people suffered. The married life of Gilbert Martin and Magdalana Borst threads its way through the war. It is with young Gil's marriage to Lana the story commences. Gil is a sturdy, reliable fellow, one of the first Deerfield settlers to clear a space in the woods for a home. Lana, his loyal wife, will excite a kind of sad admiration in a modern girl who pictures her own reactions to such hardships. Then there is dear Mrs. McKlennar, the ancient Edna May Oliver type, of harsh manner and loving heart. There is a pathetic humor about Mrs. McKlennar standing by her bed lashing in very forceful English two astonished Indians whose only knowledge of the language comprised "How?" and "Fine!"

One regrets that Mr. Edmonds, who is so keenly sympathetic toward the settlers, might not have been a little more understanding toward the Indians. They all could not have been the greasy smelling villains he would have us believe. Each character is enjoyable but I think none will prove really memorable. When you have done, no particular character colors your memory, but you retain a graphic intimate knowledge of the people of this section; their customs, hardships, and triumphs.

"AN AMERICAN DOCTOR'S ODYSSEY"

By Victor Heiser, M.D.

MARY SCANLON '37

The interest and charm of this very remarkable narrative begin at once with the excitement and tragedy of the Johnstown flood. That incident seemed to be the upsetting catastrophe which eventually guided Victor Heiser to become what he is, a veritable

Ulysses of Modern Medicine. Straight across the continent, from ocean to ocean, traveling thousands of miles by whatever means of transportation he could find, on one mission, that of enlightening the human race with health education.

Shortly after Dr. Heiser passed the examination for Marine Hospital Service he was sent on his first foreign mission—to Naples. Here he encountered difficulties with immigrants and with the Camorra. All the experience he gained at this station proved invaluable to him as an aid in handling the many races he had yet to encounter. Sailing later to the Philippines Dr. Heiser began the work that has gained for him international recognition. Smallpox, plague, cholera, tuberculosis, in a race built up on strange superstitions acted as a strong incentive for launching an international campaign to wipe out these malignant diseases. The idiosyncrasies of the Filipinos complicated by the problems of numerous diplomatic relations required ten years to complete the washing up the Orient. And during those ten years wherever he stopped he remained long enough to acquaint himself with the people and everywhere he gained their confidence and trust. Whether it be with tribesmen who were annoyed with hospital beds, Filipino girls prejudiced against the nursing profession, or over-ambitious motorcycle salesmen, all were treated with illuminating tact.

When this period was concluded he became associated with the Rockefeller Foundation and for the next twenty years called in many ports on his continuous errand of mercy to mankind.

Page after page has been written to enlighten us as to what has been done for those prisoners of hope — the lepers. Dr. Heiser, a member of the International Leprosy Association, has shown that they are on the threshold of deliverance.

His busy life seemed to be a succession of trips back and forth from China, Japan, Australia, and the Philippines. Amusing and disastrous incidents often befell him, as in the art of mastering that tropical delicacy, the mango, and coincidently missing numerous unfortunate accidents on land and on sea. Japanese hospitality and Japanese formality in diplomatic affairs, together with their untiring degree of perseverance provide a most interesting chapter.

In the course of circling the globe sixteen times Dr. Heiser

heard many humorous anecdotes which involved prominent figures of our times. These he has set down in vivid detail with a delightful personal touch which adds to the charm of this story. On a return trip to the Philippines he was called upon to administer to ex-king, Edward VIII, who was injured in a polo match. The former king offered some unprecedented suggestions in the line of warm weather attire which he and the doctor introduced to the island.

One of the last chapters in the book is called "The Pearl of Great Price"—the country of Abyssinia. Dr. Heiser visited here and his experiences in the capital Addis Ababa, and his interview with the Emperor during which he was able to interest Haile Selassie in leprosy control in that country contribute the grand finale to this marvelous book.

SONJA HENIE

LUCY VERZA '37

On January 27, Sonja Henie, the "World's Greatest Artist of the Silver Blades," appeared at the Boston Garden performing before a capacity audience of fifteen thousand. This dainty danseuse of the ice has well warranted the reputation and enthusiastic acclaim accorded her, for three times she has held the Olympic figure-skating championship, and also is the winner of ten successive world figure-skating championships.

Boston's warm-hearted support established for Norway's nimble-footed "queen of the ice," the position of the highest paid woman artist ever to appear in Boston. The audience's appreciation of the beautiful blonde Henie's artistry, and the grace and skill with which she executed the most difficult figures is evidenced by the eleven encores and innumerable bows their unanimous approval demanded. It would seem that their strong insistent applause for such beauty only rivalled her smiling desire to please and provide the means for the audience's keen enjoyment.

Tension was high when Miss Henie made her appearance for the first number, "One in a Million," which incidentally is the title of the motion picture starring Miss Henie. From the first, Miss

Henie showed her zealous love for her art. Always smiling, her exuberance appeared to be but the effervescence of youthful joy.

In "Tango," her second selection, Miss Henie proved herself a true artist of the ice, not merely is she great in artistic execution and precision of steps but she has a fine sense of rhythm which makes her performance more a dance on skates than a mere series of capers and pirouettes.

The long awaited highlight of the evening was Saint Saens' "Dance of the Dying Swan" after Pavlowa. In a beautiful white softly furred costume with blue lights casting graceful shadows about, Miss Henie entranced her enormous audience by her interpretation. It was inexpressively beautiful and exquisitely graceful. The evening's performance closed with "Mazurka." Miss Henie exhibited even more fully her vast repertoire of highly intricate steps, establishing for all time her own greatness and the position of the ice arena as a new medium for the expression of true art.

KATHERINE HEPBURN IN "JANE EYRE"

CLAIRE E. BUSBY '37

Much interest has been attached to the play "Jane Eyre" in that it marks the first appearance on the stage in this city of Katherine Hepburn, celebrated young screen star, in the title role. She plays her not too exacting role with much simplicity and straightforward intelligence, portraying in attractive fashion the little governess who goes to Thornfield Hall and falls in love with her gruff employer, Edward Rochester.

The enthusiastic response bestowed upon the production at the final first night curtain was a tribute, not alone to Miss Hepburn, whose performance had most assuredly warranted it, but to many readers of "Jane Eyre," and therefore so many persons able to make comparisons between the novel and Miss Helen Jerome's dramatization of the Bronte work. That the work has been done with such satisfactory results, especially in the first two acts, comes both as a surprise and a pleasure. Surprise, because a reading of "Jane Eyre" suggests such a mass of important detail that could not be

used in a play; pleasure because so much of the spirit of the Bronte story remains.

Jane's unhappy childhood in the Read household and her nightmare experiences at Lowood have no place in the play save incidental conversation. The action opens with her arrival at Thornfield and covers the period up to and including her return to Rochester after the direful impediment to their marriage has been removed. The first two acts, culminating in the interrupted wedding, are admirable. Miss Jerome has kept the flavor of the Bronte diologue, even in the quaintness of the phraseology, while compressing, altering, and modernizing the text sufficiently, so that it shall be alive in terms of the theater, not just an amusing reflection of a bygone age.

It is greatly to her credit and to that of the actors that the most melodramatic episodes may be shown and discussed and still the audience does not laugh. How much of this is due to Miss Jerome, and how much to Miss Hepburn, Mr. Dennis Hoey and the other players, it is not easy to decide. It is certain, however, that if the lines were not spoken so intelligently and the acting so keyed that feeling and humor take the place of stilted mouthings, the play could not possibly fare so well. Let the actors once convey to the audience that they are taking part in an improbable melodrama and all would be lost.

Without resorting to quaintness or whimsy, without a hint of the affectations that have marred her screen impersonations from time to time, Miss Hepburn gives us a portrayal of Jane Eyre that justifies Rochester's description of her as an elf and sprite, yet keeps to Charlotte Bronte's delineation of a clear-thinking, affectionate girl, without pose and with very few illusions. She has learned the virtues of repose and she knows how to convey poignant emotion by the simplest of gestures and sometimes by her very stillness. Her cry of terror at the sight of the maniac is no less genuine than her stunned despair when she learns that Rochester is already married. In short, hers is an excellent performance, and one that is likely to improve with every performance of the play.

"DANCING EVELYN DAVIS AND HER GROUP"

ANN NOBLE '37

A very interesting and arresting performance was given by Evelyn Davis and her dancing assistants at the Senior entertainment. I had never before witnessed any presentation of modern interpretive dancing so, of course, I was interested. The lecture-demonstration preceding the dance concert was very informative to the audience and gave them an insight into what type of dancing was to come. The demonstration was the interpretive dance in its stripped plan. From this bare sketch came the dance concert which expressed the movements of the demonstration in a more tangible and understandable form.

Part five of the dance concert, entitled, "Four Exaggerations," was to me the most delightful. It portrayed curiosity, discord, tantrums, and laughter. Curiosity, as interpreted, was very amusing and even in its exaggeration a trifle too realistic for one's feelings. It really showed how one must appear when curious. The movement laughter which was presented by the group, as was curiosity, demonstrated how this emotion first begins at rather a low ebb, then rises gradually to its climax and finally falls to its end. Tantrum executed by Miss Davis was superb. She gave this interpretation its full value and her efforts were rewarded by the appreciation of the audience. I would like to mention here, the dance "Pavane" given also by Miss Davis. This, as she explained in her curtain speech, is the processional made by the candidate who is being presented at court. Miss Davis danced this gracefully, artfully, and dramatically. There was a certain amount of shyness and coquetry shown by Miss Davis in "Pavane" which made the dance even more natural.

In the execution of the dances I think that beauty of form and expression seemed to be the main idea of Evelyn Davis and her group. The costumes were not those that would attract one's attention. The dancers wished to make you see the grace of the dance and that alone. The suppleness, agility, and ease with which they rendered the dances were really fascinating. It certainly was proof of the adage that "practice makes perfect."

LAUGHTER

GERTRUDE COLLINS '38

There is laughter
Like silver-colored glass
Steel-edged and sharp.
Laughter shattering
Into a thousand pieces.

There is laughter
Like mellow, golden light,
Deep-hushed and happy.
Laughter singing
Songs by candle flame.

There is laughter
Like a hollow reed
Brittle with autumn.
Laughter echoing
Shrill November winds.

E. C. ECHOES

Christmas Play

Back in the month of the pine and holly, when everything was green—very green but when, in spite of unseasonable weather the Christmas spirit was none the less seasonable — we might say it was more profuse, perhaps, to make everything tally, Emmanuel opened her kindly arms once more, and once more from the far ends of the city came little children, and children, not quite so little in size, but with a little child's love and faith in Christmas and all it stands for. They assembled at the College on the afternoon of Friday, December the eighteenth, and with the girls who waxed enthusiastic and generous in their role as Santa's helpers, stuffed their fathomless depths with candy and ice cream, until we, with visions of sad dyspeptic moments to come were troubled in conscience and were glad to be able to call a moratorium on all things eatable, while the brand new blue and gold stage curtain in the auditorium went up for an hour of Dickens' Christmas Carol. Praise in abundance should be showered on the Dramatic Society and in particular its Freshman and Sophomore members for their excellent piece of work in enacting the now legendary story of Scrooge and Tiny Tim. To the Dramatic Society, too, and to the Sodality officers, we extend our congratulations for doing so much to make that afternoon a memorable one for the children. Even Santa, with his huge bag of toys and candy, found a minute to talk with the young visitors, and to hear their individual wants. The genuine enthusiasm of Peter and George, ages ten and eleven, when it came time to help Santa dispose of his gifts was not less naïve than the ecstacy of little Anne, age five, upon receiving her doll,— and not less heart pulling.

And then on to two glorious weeks of Christmas vacation, with

shopping and dancing and dashing to and fro and in the midst of it all the Senior Entertainment, held on the night of December thirtieth at John Hancock Hall, Boston. The class of nineteen thirty-seven, ever new and original in its undertakings, sponsored a group of Modern Interpretive dancers from the "Evelyn Davis School of the Dance" in Washington, D. C. The studies were explained in detail prior to their execution by Miss Davis herself, who gave even the most ignorant of us an understanding and appreciation of the Modern Dance. Our especial thanks and congratulations to the able chairman of the entertainment, Betty Vatter, and her committee, for their untiring efforts.

Senior Entertainment

To be chronologically incorrect—we turn back once more to before the Christmas vacation and the always interesting and novel meeting of the Literary Society on December ninth. Lucy Verza, the President, taxed our fund of Chestertonian knowledge by calling the roll and exacting a quotation from that author's writings as each girl answered "present." The quotations were many and varied and we learned much of Chesterton we never knew before. Continuing the series of G. K. Chesterton studies, the guest speaker of the afternoon, Dorothy O'Hare of the class of thirty-seven, gave a report on Chesterton as he measures up to the standard of criticism as set up by Paul Elmer More. Claire Busby gave a synopsis of *Thomas Aquinas* by Chesterton. Bringing the meeting to a close our moderator read several of Chesterton's more serious poems.

Literary Society

At the Chemical Society meeting on the same afternoon there was a series of informative lectures on Louis Pasteur, Vitamins, Enzymes; and the story of Breakfast Food. All the talks were given by the student members of the society and presented in such a way as to prove both interesting and educational to the audience.

Chemical Society

The French Club in their pre-Christmas activities had a tre-

mendously successful entertainment on Thursday, December seventeenth, for their own members. Everyone was present and cooperated whole-heartedly in the singing of Christmas Carols in French and in the presentation of the ancient French Complement, a custom of the French family, to pay their respects to the oldest member. The presentation was well done and most enthusiastically applauded by the audience. To add to the afternoon's festivities was a musical interval of some of the club members, French songs, and an always attractive feature, refreshments.

French Club

After the outstanding success of the presentation of Monsignor Fulton J. Sheen, by the Seniors in the Foreign Mission Society, the Junior members had quite an order to fill when in their turn they arranged a bazaar in the gymnasium on December the fourteenth. With their usual success in their always strenuous efforts they provided for our amusement a delightful afternoon and proved themselves an ingenious group.

Foreign Mission Society

Look to your laurels, Sophomores! If there is another repetition of the Freshmen victory in the Freshmen-Sophomore basketball game, we shall begin to wonder. This being the basketball season the Athletic Society has concentrated its efforts in building up good, strong, fighting teams. We are very much interested and want to see more games.

Athletic Society

Due to a slight error in the previous issue of the Ethos we forgot to record a very important meeting of the German Club held in November. At this meeting Miss Lucille Harrington spoke to the members on the "Catholic Revival in Modern Literature in Central Europe." Miss Harrington's talk was both entertaining and enlightening. The feast of the Epiphany on January sixth, the Wednesday after the vacation was over, was celebrated most fittingly by the members of the German Club who sponsored an Epiphany Entertainment under the direction of their President, Mary Henderson. Through a series of tableaux showing

German Club

the Crib and the coming of the three Wise Men, the significance of the feast was well brought out. A group of club members forming a German Glee Club sang appropriate German hymns. High-lighting the afternoon was the presence of Margaret O'Connell of the class of nineteen thirty-two who was generous in offering a group of vocal selections during the course of the afternoon. At the end of the entertainment, the members served refreshments. All in all those who were fortunate enough to be able to attend were unanimous in calling it a highly successful afternoon.

Sodality Convention

There has been a new move abroad to organize among the sodalities of our neighboring Catholic colleges an Intercollegiate Speakers' Bureau. The members of this bureau are to convene at appointed dates and discuss in round table fashion problems and functions of the sodality. The speakers are then to go out among the High School sodalities and address them in groups, hoping thereby to arouse among these Junior groups a greater and more responsive spirit of Catholic action. The Reverend Daniel Lord, S.J., the national head of all school sodalities and editor of the *Queen's Work,* on his visit to Boston over the week-end of December twelfth and thirteenth explained in detail to the members attending the Convention of Sodalities from greater Boston his plans for action among the college group. At that meeting a temporary chairman was elected, Paul Coughlin, from Boston College, and a Secretary, Claire Busby, from Emmanuel.

The first meeting of the Speakers' Bureau was held on January tenth at Regis College in Weston with Ruth Grandison, our Sodality President, Claire Busby, Kathleen Henneberry, Mary Dunn, and Elizabeth Eichorn as Emmanuel's representatives.

Musical Society

This year the newly organized Glee Club in the Musical Society has been outstanding in its presentation of song on numerous occasions. Sunday afternoon, January seventeenth, we had the pleasurable experience of hearing for the first time over the radio the Emmanuel Glee Club, under the direction of Eileen Griffen,

singing for the Catholic Truth Period over station WEEI The Glee Club gave four selections and it was indeed a creditable performance.

Junior Prom

The Junior Prom is annually the stellar social event of the season. This year it is scheduled for Friday, February fifth. Before Christmas the juniors elected their committee and chose as their chairman Margaret McCarthy. Other members of the committee are, Eleanor Burns, *ex officio,* Irma de Leo, Marie Byrne, Katherine Buckley, Frances Connaughton, Margaret Cashin, Edna Donovan, Rita Lee, Mary McDevitt, Marie McGloin and Roberta Taylor. The Junior Prom has been traditionally an important social event, and traditionally it has fulfilled every bit of anticipation and what is more has been a huge financial success. To the Juniors and more especially to their committee we extend our very best wishes.

Retreat

Because it is necessary to bring to a more or less bombastic close the first semester, with two worried weeks of exams, in a direct contrast and as a soothing tonic to our jangled nerves, comes Retreat Week. For three and one-half days between the semesters Emmanuel takes spiritual stock of herself and with the aid of the excellent and timely instructions of a retreat master we bring ourselves spiritually closer to God and consequently, become mentally refreshed.

This year the retreat was held between January twenty-sixth and ninth under the very capable direction of Father Thomas Fay, S.J. Father Fay dispensed with all forms of oratorical persuasion in order, as he said himself, to appeal to our intellects rather than our emotions. It was from beginning to end three days of meditation which made us think and reason with ourselves and conclude with a sane, cool logic.

We have always been proud of our Catholic education received at Emmanuel, Father Fay praised us for it—praised our Faculty

for giving us the opportunity for it—and gave us many new reasons why we should be proud of the stronghold it gives us in our worldly contacts. We are, and should be, wholly independent, standing out with our Catholic principles, not suppressing them.

"Look to yourselves!" admonished Father Fay, and, as that was the keynote of our retreat, so may it be the keynote of the rest of our college days.

ELECTIONS FOR SECOND SEMESTER

Junior

President, Katherine Buckley — *Secretary,* Claire Killion
Vice-President, Mary O'Neil — *Treasurer,* Winifred Doyle

Sophomore

President, Jean Daley — *Secretary,* Elizabeth Coleman
Vice-President, Lucille Jarret — *Treasurer,* Aloise Touhey

Freshman

President, Mary Reardon — *Secretary,* Mary Kiley
Vice-President, Marguerite Butler — *Treasurer,* Loretta Mahoney

ALUMNAE NEWS

Eleanor Barry, Anne Kenney, Patricia Cahill, Rita Lavin, Kathryn Murray, all of '36, are doing Social Service work for the Government.

Frances Carr, '36, is teaching a pre-primary class in Cambridge.

Helen Lyons, Mary Keaney and Mary Barnwell, of '36, are taking courses at Boston College.

Mari-Elizabeth McCarthy, '36, is studying at Radcliffe.

Mary Shannon and Anne Quinlan, '36, are at the Boston College School of Social Service.

Marguerite Kidney, '36, is employed in the office of the Boston and Maine Railroad.

Marie Coyle, '36, is substituting in Peabody High School.

Dora Murphy, '36, is enrolled in the buyer's course at Filene's.

Rita Ryan, '36, is working at Chandlers.

Cecile Shanahan, '36, is employed at the Employer's Liability Insurance Company.

Muriel Kingsley, '36, is teaching in New Bedford.

Marion Chiampa, '36, is a Technician at Saint Elizabeth's Hospital.

Anna McCarthy, '35, is teaching at Night School in Cambridge.

Catherine Lane, '34, is teaching at the Peabody High School.

Dorothy Hatch, '33, was appointed permanently as a teacher in the Waltham High School.

Dorothy Jackson, '32, is a Technician in the Hygiene Department at Harvard College.

Margaret O'Connell is doing creditable work as the director of the choir at Saint Anthony's Parish, Cohasset.

Sister Magdalene Julie (Elinore Wallace, '35) received the religious habit as a Sister of Notre Dame on February 2.

Sister Miriam Julie (Marion Buckley, '34) made her religious profession as a Sister of Notre Dame on January 29.

Marriages

Ida Donavan, '36, married Dr. Arthur Good.
Helen Good, '33, married J. Fred McGann, Jr.
Jane Madeleine Eagan, '30, married Dr. D. J. Mullane.

In Christo Quiescentes

John J. Sheehan, father of Anne Sheehan, '37.
Charles Herhily, father of Catherine Herhily, '37.
Dennis Mullen, father of Loretta Mullen, '39.
Edward Shanley, father of Mary Shanley, '39.

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THE SUBJECTIVE ELEMENT IN NEWMAN'S APOLOGIA

KATHERINE DEVANE '37

MANY autobiographies have attained great popularity and have achieved a place among the classics of literature, but few can rival the *Apologia Pro Vita Sua*. It is the revelation of a soul ever struggling with the problems and issues of the day, ever arranging its own views with one ultimate goal, that of harmonizing them with the teachings of religion. Although a personal record, it is remarkable to note that we learn nothing of Newman's family and little of the numerous incidents of his life except in so far as they are necessary to explain his approach to the Catholic Church. What Newman traces is the history of his religious opinions, but at the beginning and end of the chapters we find that subjective element which illuminates the irresistible personality of Newman, the man. It seems to add that attractiveness, that marvelous wholeness, that is particularly characteristic of Newman.

The traces of both the physical and mental pain it cost the author to make his revelation are evident, but behind it all is the fact that he is defending Truth. In some instances restraint is noticeable in the style, for Newman is striving to overcome human emotions and feelings. At times, too, one notices looseness of construction and of writing. The explanation is the tenseness of feeling that overrides all other considerations. A manifestation of conscience to the whole world was a painful task. "It is both to the head and the heart an extreme trial, thus to analyze what has so long gone by and to bring out the results of that examination."

For its subjective quality the first chapter is most important. Here Newman speaks of "the great trial" the book cost him. He traces the progress of his conversion, from which we learn that reli-

gion is for him a reality, an essential part of his existence, the life of his life. At the age of fifteen we find him resting "in the thought of two and only two supreme and luminously self-evident beings," himself and his Creator. From that age, he tells us in one of those revelations of himself that light up his soul and show the man, "dogma has been the fundamental principle of my religion; religion, as a mere sentiment, is to me a dream and a mockery." Newman was first and foremost religious, ever striving to bring issues and opinions into harmony with the teachings of religion. As Vicar of Saint Mary's he came into contact with the world; his intellect was no longer isolated, and he began to penetrate the mind of others. More and more deeply conscious of the Spirit of God, confident of a destiny, he set out on the tireless search for truth.

In paying tribute to the men who influenced his religious opinions, Newman loses himself. Of Mr. Whately he writes, "I can say with a full heart that I love him and have never ceased to love him." In speaking of Froude he says, "Nor have I to speak of the gentleness, the tenderness of nature, the playfulness, the free elastic force and graceful versatility of mind, and the patient, winning considerateness in discussion, which endeared him to those to whom he opened his heart." Newman's interest in personality is shown, as is also his searching and exhaustive analytic power. He is no longer an abstract philosopher, but a man who has discovered the immeasurable realities of love, a man with a mission from God, one who "has a work to do in England."

Ambition, wealth, eloquence, poetry, and music endeavored to sway Newman's life, but patience, prayer, humility, and love conquered, and gave to us the Newman whom we love today. In his early days at Oxford, while a tutor at Oriel College, ambition crept silently into his soul. He was a born leader, and later, when the Tractarians revolutionized the religious thought of England, he was greatly moved by the desire of fame. But this haughty spirit of ambition was put to flight by the virtue of humility. Prostrate in the midnight silence of his chamber, he prayed for the help of humility, and under her gentle sway he bowed his proud head before his God and called himself nothing. In the days of his youth and energy, Science tried to win him with her uncounted allurements.

But once again humility freed him from enchantment and guided him safely on his destined way.

All through his life, music was Newman's love. Often when sterner thoughts possessed his mind, music relieved his spirit. It floated around him as it were on wings to lift his soul to heaven. Poetry lent him its lyre and sang into his ear when his soul was shrouded in doubt. While praying for light, poetry guided his pen and gave to the world that song which will live in the hearts of men through the centuries, *Lead, Kindly Light.*

It is in discussing the Oxford Movement that Newman reveals his most personal motives and acts. The resurrection of the Church of England gradually became his life's work; he had no personal motive, no personal aim. But with the publication of Tract Ninety came angry words, public confidence was lost, and Newman became the target for animosities. He felt keenly the injustice done to him, yet he writes of it in a good-tempered, charitable way. Newman could preach at Oxford no longer. What pathos there is in the lines expressing his last farewell to the beloved place, "I have never seen Oxford since, excepting its spires as they are seen from the railway."

Littlemore, for a time, became Newman's refuge in the hour of pain. In the midst of his mental and physical torture he pours out his fervid soul in passionate language, "But they persisted. What was I doing at Littlemore? Doing there! Have I not retreated from you?" . . . "The single question is, Can I be saved in the English Church? Is it a mortal sin in me, not joining another communion?" In such passages Newman exemplifies his sincerity, his humility, and his patience. We hear the grief of one who, more than ordinarily sensitive, was placed in situations which gave rise to misunderstanding. We see the ordeal of spiritual fire through which the keen intellect of Newman was forced to pass. We see the man, left to battle alone with a great problem, a man deserted by his associates who refused to follow the leader's footsteps. Soon these doubts and perplexities are gone and Newman is numbered with the Master's "little ones." There is that calmness, that placidity, that peaceful rest that comes after a storm.

What it had cost Newman to break from beloved friends and from the church to which his early manhood dedicated itself is a tribute to his sincerity, and Littlemore still bespeaks his anguish and his tears. Sincerity, as Belloc says, is the theme of the *Apologia*. The world wanted to know his full interior life. As a proof of his sincerity, Newman gave to the world his highly sensitive, delicate, and intellectual interior life. His straightforward obedience to his Anglican bishop is a clear instance of his sincerity and religious earnestness. Sincerity helped him to overcome his fear, "I wished men to agree with me, and I walked with them step by step, as far as they would go; this I did sincerely."

The *Apologia* endears Newman, the man, to us. We feel that he had a humanity common to all men, for he experienced the same joys, sorrows, trials, hardships, and questionings as they. He had that charity which is supernatural, that saw in all men the image of Christ. As a Christian he was always eager to obey the will of His Father, even in the midst of grave obstacles, a testimony to his humility. He participated in the great sacrifice, giving himself up to a Christ-like life. He was tender, solicitous, and charming. His character was a mysterious blend of extraordinary qualities. Contemplative by nature, he still coveted action. His mind was ever fixed on the deepest truth. In the end we feel repose, that confidence in a personality which was strong enough to be the leader of a long line of souls who sought refuge in the loving arms of Mother Church.

TEN LITTLE WORDS

MARY F. CONLEY '38

MARIAN pushed up her pillow with her fist and rolled over on her right side. She had to go to sleep, she needed her eight hours tonight. Her mind was made up, she was going to throw that game tomorrow. It was the only way out. She loved tennis, loved the feverish excitement of winning, and she didn't trust her will. It would be doubly hard to break off if she won, and if she lost—well, she'd have to go home; she'd be through. Well, that was that—she meant to lose and now she wanted sleep. But it wouldn't come. She couldn't bear the thought of losing like that; she wasn't a poor sport, a quitter. What would Bill think? She was doing it for him, she thought fiercely. Bill ran the newspaper back home. It was just one year and three months since she had married Bill, and during that time they had only six months together. The rest of the time had been given to tennis. The French championships, Wimbledon, the Wightman Cup, Essex, Seabright, and now the Nationals. She had swept through them all. "The best woman tennis player in the world," the newspapers called her. They said she was unbeatable. Well, she'd give them a few headlines tomorrow. They'd see the great Marian Richards beaten and it would be front page news. She had to give up tennis. You couldn't manage two things at once. Tennis and marriage just didn't mix—it was either one or the other.

* * * *

The huge crowd broke into sustained applause when she came onto the grandstand court. She had always been popular—ever since she played here five years before in her first major tournament. The cameras clicked as she smiled that famous smile. A good player, a good sport, and good looking, she was the darling of the crowds and the answer to a reporter's prayer. There it was—the old thrill that flowed over her when she saw the crowd, the

green grass, and the white lines of the court. That was what made her afraid. She was afraid that the old thrill of winning, the urge for more and more victories, would keep her playing when she knew she had to stop. She was going to let them all down—she meant to lose.

She took the first set 6-4. That was the way she had planned it. A three set defeat wouldn't look quite so bad. The set was close, though; Anita was playing far better than Marian had anticipated. The players changed courts and the referee tossed out new balls. Marian began to serve—double-fault—the crowd gasped, leaned forward in their seats—the first time this week that she had double-faulted—maybe this wasn't going to be a push-over for Richards after all. Her opponent was gaining confidence and hitting more powerfully, more accurately. Marian bit her lip in annoyance. She hated to lose to Anita. She wouldn't have minded so much if she lost to Anna—Anna was so sweet, or Barbara. But Anita and her papa and mamma had been waiting for the championship for two years now and she didn't want to give it to them. But she missed easy shots and hit out of bounds repeatedly and soon the set was over 2-6.

During the intermission between the second and third sets, Pop Andrews came in to speak to her.

"What's the matter, Marion?" he begged.

Pop had taught her how to play and coached her through every tournament.

"You're missing easy shots, your service is all shot, you're dead on your feet. Do you feel all right, is the heat getting you? I told you to go to bed earlier, I told you not to eat so much——"

"I'm all right, Pop, honestly."

"Well, what's the matter then?" he asked, exasperated. "Are you going back on me?"

Marian didn't answer, her eyes stung, her throat felt queer. She put on her sneakers and tied them with unnecessary carefulness before she looked up.

Pop was fingering a telegram. "For you," he said, without looking at her.

Marian ripped it open and read it to herself.

"Put on the old pressure, kid stop We need that cup."

Signed—Bill.

He's crazy, she thought illogically; there's not room for another one in the house. Well, if he wanted it—— Suddenly she knew she couldn't do it. She wasn't going to throw a game just because it was the easiest way. She'd finish out the right way—and do her best to keep her resolution.

"Going to win, Marian?" Pop asked with that anxious puppy look on his round face.

"You bet, Pop," and she grinned at him reassuringly.

"That's the girl," he cried joyfully. "Go to it."

* * * *

It was harder than she had thought it would be. That lapse had told on her game. Anita's was stronger than ever. The crowd was divided now. Some still loyally supported Marian, the more bloodthirsty were hoping for an upset. She kept plugging away at Anita's backhand: it would have to go some time. That sun bothered her—her arm was tired.

The score in games was now 5-5 on Anita's service. They fought gamely for each point and the score was deuce. Marian's low, swift return was unreachable. Add out—this next point would tell the story—both players knew it, the crowd knew it. Anita served. Marian drove back fiercely and when Anita, out of position, sent up a weak lob, Marian was ready for it. The crowd applauded wildly and then settled back to watch Marian run off the last game.

Afterwards she was given a tremendous ovation. She remembered that this was her last—strange but it didn't mean so much to her—she felt happy. Then the reporters flocked around her and the flashlights exploded in her face.

"Going on that exhibition tour? Going to turn Pro?" the usual questions.

"No, boys, I'm all through——"

"For the season?"

"No, for good."

"You're kidding," said that young reporter from the *World*.

"Well, if you won't take a good story when I'm giving it to you," she called back over her shoulder.

"Hey! wait a minute."

But she was gone—for the nearest telephone.

SIGNS

MARGARET CAHILL '38

Spring is in the air—
I can see it in the sky,
Feel it everywhere.

Small brooks chatter by
In gay unfettered glee,
And birds northward fly.

Winds are wild and free
And underneath their sway
The trees dance restlessly.

Strolling yesterday
I found a lonely pair
Of bushes soft and gray—

Pussy-willows fair.
And I felt a sudden thrill
To see them blooming there.

March winds blow chill—
Trees and fields are bare—
April rains will come — but still
Spring is in the air.

A VIEW OF THE WHOLE ROUND WORLD

CLAIRE E. BUSBY '37

If you have any doubt of the value of seeing the world in true proportion, you must visit the Mapparium, the spherical map room in the Christian Science Publishing House in Boston. Not only is this illuminated map, a very beautiful and interesting achievement, but it has power also to stir the imagination to thoughts of human interdependence and world unity. In the realm of the intellect it appeals to many types of people in many different ways. Of course it surrounds the geographer immediately with all his especial enthusiasms. To the student of history, it means at once an excellent opportunity to trace the paths of early migrations across adjacent continents. For the student of political economy—but why continue? The possibilities are many and varied.

To describe the Mapparium satisfactorily is difficult. No matter what has been said about it, your first impression is certain to be one of surprise, for you enter immediately and most amazingly into the "inside" of the ball we have named the earth! There you look about at an enclosing, translucent, vari-colored globe, upon which a complete map of the world is projected in true proportion. The effect is very different from that of the customary flat map. There is an almost Japanese simplicity of "composition" in the design, a delicate and telling emphasis upon the important, and a refusal, in the interests of order and harmony, to include too much. This restraint aids in conveying the impression that throughout all we call the physical world runs an underlying unity.

The task of working out the plan for the Mapparium was entrusted to Mr. Chester Lyndsay Churchill, the architect. More like the "Globarium" which is to be exhibited at the Paris Exposition this summer than any of the earlier globes or map rooms in other

parts of the world, this sphere of glass, thirty feet in diameter, is fitted into a bronze framework which forms its meridians and parallels. Thus, the observer, with the map of the world literally about him, gains an idea of the great land masses upon the earth, of the proportion of water to land, and of the positions and relationships, ordinarily not apparent. One may advance upon a glass bridge which spans the room to view the globe from east to west, or from pole to pole. In all—I counted them—there are six hundred and eight glass sections. The fusing of their brilliant colors by a special process took eight months. There are three openings in the globe, one a window from the main lobby of the building, and the others, two doors, at either end of the bridge. Above is the "Northern Star," and about twelve feet below the crystal runway are the mysteries of the Antarctic.

"Where is Little America?" asked a visitor in an awed whisper? "Exactly underfoot," replied the guide. "You see it there, that green expanse. And thus, as you stand on the bridge, the whole world lies about you to correct any erroneous idea that may have existed in your mind. Did you happen to think, as I did, for example, that Europe and the United States were territorially important in point of size? See how much more impressive other vast stretches of the earth's surface appear to be. Perhaps you had no true idea of the extent of the seven seas. There they lie, their varied depths indicated in shades of blue." As I gazed at North and South America in wonderment, and then far beyond to the other parts of the world, the thought came to me that there really are wonderful lands in all those distant parts, each filled with human beings very much like ourselves in so many ways.

But to return to the Mapparium. In its construction the variation of time has been expressed with ingenuity. No less than twenty-two clocks are set inside the globe, at the equator. They are placed at intervals of about fifteen degrees, and all but three of them record a difference of one hour in time. These three show about one hour and twenty minutes difference. They are all operated by a master telechron clock movement, which is checked frequently. Thus visitors may tell the time in any part of the world. Going east, you may watch the gain of an hour at each

step; that is, you will see that the clocks register an hour later each fifteen degrees and going west, of course, is just the opposite.

Look at your watch and then see what time it is in Singapore or Tobago or Baghdad. As I tried the experiment I could not but recall the favorite childhood lines from Stevenson:

"And when at eve I rise from tea
Day dawns beyond the Atlantic Sea."

And what of those unknown places of the world toward which we have all longed to journey? You will find them all when you visit the Mapparium—those strange countries in the fastnesses of the Himalayas, lands that know the midnight sun, palmy islands of the Pacific. They are all there spread before your eyes.

And do not forget to notice all the strange effects which sounds have in the spherical enclosure of the Mapparium as voices blend or stand out in a surprising manner. You may not catch what is said by the person beside you, while the voice of a visitor half way to China sounds plainly in your ears. There are many tricks played upon you by the unusual accoustical properties of the room. They are amazing and interesting and sometimes bewildering. But they add much to the general impression, that in this round world of ours those continents, which appear to be floating upward toward the Polar Star, are drawn together in a unity that might well be emulated by the nations they support.

WINDOW BOX

BARBARA F. GILL '38

I cannot climb the emerald hills
To find the golden daffodils,
I cannot run through meadows sweet
And pluck the violets at my feet.

But in my window box, I see
A glimpse of spring, a melody
Of lovers' song, jocund and gay,
It calls to me through all the day.

The tulips tall, the jonquils bright,
The wild, green vines that catch the light,
Are like strong arms to help me bear
The pain-filled hours in my chair.

AUNT KATE TENDS TO THINGS

MARGARET CASHIN '38

AUNT KATE CARNEY pressed her lips firmly together, picked up her knitting and redoubled her speed to make up for the time she had lost listening to the story of the last will and testament of her late and unlamented brother-in-law.

"Well, Margreet," she snapped, finally, "what are you going to do? Surely, you're not going to sit back and let that unscrupulous female get away with that."

Marguerite shrugged, "But what can we do, Aunt Kate? Jack and Dick feel that the family has had just about enough publicity the last few years and so do I. I must go now; I have some shopping to do. I'll be up to see you again soon. Jack and I aren't returning to California until the week after next, and Dick won't go back to Alabama for about another month. Good-bye, dear." She stooped to kiss the tiny old lady and Aunt Kate pretended to endure the kiss only for the sake of politeness.

"Be sure you shut the screen door when you go out," she muttered. "Go on now, go on."

She waited to hear the car start and then dropped her knitting and walked to the kitchen,—somehow she "always thought better there." She settled herself in the extremely uncomfortable looking rocker which always constituted her thinking throne.

"Let me see now," she mused; "James never liked Margreet—hated her in fact—so that would explain why he left her so little. I'm proud of the girl, though, always defendin' her mother the way she was. There's no excuse for the way he treated John and Richard, however, and there is still less excuse why Marie, who is only a daughter-in-law, should get so much. Certainly seems to me she influenced him and that's a reason for breaking a will. 'No

more publicity,' Margreet says though. Well, I guess it will have to be managed without 'publicity'; not as I'd call the spat Thomas and young James had a few years ago *publicity*. 'Twas just their dying within a few months of each other made folks think each died of a broken heart on account of their fight. Plum foolishness!"

"Anyone'll admit it looks bad, him leavin' Marie and her daughter so much and his own children and grandchildren so little. Funny James didn't see through her an' her 'dear grandpa,' he was pretty shrewd for his age (James was two years her senior). Hmm . . . Guess I better start tending to things right now."

She rose quickly for her eighty-odd years and strode to the closet where she took down her best hat and gloves. On her way out she picked up her umbrella—the fact that the sun shone made no difference to Aunt Kate—and hastened to get the three o'clock bus to Castleton.

"Good day to you, Marie. I've been sitting on this hammock the better part of an hour waiting for you."

"Oh, I'm sorry, Aunt Kate. I've just been down to see Tim Cochrane. He's refinishing a desk for me, you know. Poor, dear grandpa's old one"—she dabbed at her eyes and sniffed.

Aunt Kate sniffed a little louder and for a different reason.

"So you got that, too, did you?" A gleam in Marie's eye made her stop short and change her tone. "How nice! Poor, dear grandpa must have thought a lot of you."

Marie smiled sadly, watching the effect in the mirror and murmured, "Ah, yes."

Aunt Kate's eyes flashed over the objects in the room and came to rest on a silver tea service.

"Wasn't that my sister Annie's?" she asked.

"Why, yes. Dear grandpa told me before he died I could have it, so I snea—that is—I took it home the day he died."

"Hmph, seems to me Margreet ought to inherit her own mother's things."

"Well, grandpa wanted me to have it and I shall keep it."

"Hoity toity," thought Aunt Kate. "Not very well brought up and I'm not gettin' along so well. Oh!" She was so startled by an idea that she could not contain the syllable.

"What's the matter?" Marie cried.

"My heart," lied Aunt Kate readily. "It gives me a turn sometimes. Afraid I'll have to go but I did want to see the old desk. What time will Tim be here?"

"Oh, it isn't finished yet. 'Won't be done until next week,' he said. I'm certainly glad I got it out early." She realized she had said too much and stopped abruptly, "Well, good-bye, Aunt Kate."

Still feigning bad heart action, she hobbled to the corner, and once out of sight started hurrying again. Presently she approached a rather tumble-down shack.

"Tim, hoo, hoo, Tim!"

A tall, lanky man about Kate's age with a nose suggestive of recent imbibings stuck his head out.

"Hello. Oh, hello, Kate, glad to see you. What you doing here? How's ever'thin' in Proctor? Business ain't so good lately. Too bad about Jim. Saw Margreet and Jack and Dick t'other day and——"

"Good land, Tim, stop up a minute. I want to speak to you confidentially.

Tim approached her.

"Tim, if I was to ask a favor of you, would you grant it?"

"Why sure, if I can, Kate."

"Well, Tim, will you let me look over James' old desk—the one you're fixin' for Marie?"

"Well—ye-es."

"You don't seem 'specially glad."

"Well, to tell yew the truth, Kate, I ain't started workin' on it yet and I was afeard yew might mention it."

"I won't. Hmm," she murmured, sarcastically, surveying his nose; "you haven't got another one of those colds have you?"

"Yep, I shure have, Kate. Been sufferin' two weeks with it." All sarcasm was wasted on Tim. "Well, come on in."

They entered the shack and Tim led her to the desk.

"Ain't touched it at all, t' tell the truth," he mumbled.

Aunt Kate surveyed the desk quickly—pulled out the drawers which were, of course, empty. Then, pledging Tim to secrecy, she opened a tiny drawer, carefully concealed in the carving. This, too,

was disappointingly empty. Aunt Kate "gol darned the thing" and stood staring at it with great animosity.

"Well, I don't know what you got against that desk, Kate, but come look at the papers on the back. Real interestin'! All dated around the time of the Civil War."

He turned the desk around and Kate gloomily surveyed the old papers. An article near the bottom caught her eye and she stooped down to read it. Her heel rested on a bolt, and she ingloriously lost her balance. Grasping madly, her hands finally gripped the bottom of the desk and, to her amazement, the bottom came out. She sat down forcefully, holding a drawer in her hands.

"Land of Goshen, Tim, if what I want's here I'll always believe you're an angel straight from heaven spite of your colds."

There were five envelopes in the drawer which she tipped out hastily. One was addressed to John, one to Richard, one to Margreet, another to Marie, and the last to herself. She tore it open hastily. It contained another envelope and the following note:

"Well, Kate, I'm relying on your sense of justice, not to say your curiosity, to have you find these. It must have been quite a job to figure this out, so I feel that the pittance that you get by this will you have earned. It might interest you to know that you are sitting watching me while I write this. I shall conceal it after you go. There is nothing further to be said, although I might mention that Marie pulled no wool over my eyes, I remain

Your loving brother-in-law,

JAMES R. HANDRAHAN.

"Loving broth—bah!" She realized that she was still sitting on the floor, which was none too clean, and rose, unassisted by the head-scratching Tim, until she was practically on her feet.

"Don't you say anythin' about this to anyone," she cautioned, and left hastily to deliver her letters.

A week later Aunt Kate Carney pressed her lips firmly together, picked up her knitting and redoubled her speed to make up for the time she had lost listening to the story of her late and still unlamented brother-in-law's new testament.

"Well, children," she snapped finally; "I'm glad, very glad I'm sure, you got your inheritance, but I'm still gladder that I outsmarted that unscrupulous female."

ON WEARING WHITE SHOES IN THE WINTER

ESTHER FARRINGTON '38

Now that winter is past and spring has officially arrived, we can view the situation of white shoes without prejudice. In the breezy winter months we have seen many persons around our campus (and every other campus, for that matter) who brazenly flaunted the subject of much dispute—the winter crop of white shoes. Now, ordinarily, we think of the white shoe as an article of summer wear, or, at least, of those months when the ground is bare, the winds kind, and the sun warm. Not that the sun isn't always warm, dear me, no; I refer to the distinctly hot brand of sun known as the summer sun. To return to our subject, the white shoe is definitely associated with warmer atmosphere and balmier climes.

For some time I had pondered over this problem, until it had become almost an obsession. I simply had to know why white shoes were worn in the winter. Accordingly, I hied me forth to commune with Nature and observe examples of these phenomena. By dint of much observation and ponderation, I came to the following conclusions:

(1) There are two classes of white shoes—

a—Clean white shoes.

b—Dirty white shoes. In this class are also included

i Mildly dirty

ii Quite dirty

iii Filthy white shoes.

Of class (b) sub-class (iii) seemed to be the most numerous.

(2) There is no set age for the wearing of white shoes in winter. They are worn by tots of primary school age and by those founts of Wisdom and Knowledge, the College Senior.

(3) There is an unwritten law that white shoes in winter should not be treated to any form of cleaning; they should take their chances with the elements, for good or bad.

Equipped with these vital statistics, I then proceeded to interview the older of those wearing white shoes. (I chose this group, as nothing of value was to be gained from the answers of the younger of the classes. The answers of these were mostly of the type colloquially known as "fresh.") The first group interviewed was a group of College Freshmen, with the following results. (These are representative answers.)

"I dunno; I just see them there in the morning and put them on."

"Well, my Junior sister wears them, so it must be all right."

"I got so used to them last summer; I just can't give them up."

"All the others in my crowd do, so I do too."

Group two was composed of College Sophomores. Results follow:

"I use them to awe the Freshmen."

"I never can make up my mind what shoes to wear, so I wear these."

"I bought these last year, and I kind of hate to part with them."

I don't know; just a habit I guess."

Group three were College Juniors. This erudite group answered thusly:

"It seemed the intelligent thing to do, taking everything into consideration."

"The white shoe symbolizes the eternal hope of spring."

"I feel akin to the Bluebird every time I put them on."

"What do you care, anyhow? They're my shoes, aren't they?" (This from a Sophomore with advanced standing.)

Group four were College Seniors, the peak of culture and grace. To the inquiry, "Why do you wear white shoes in winter?" they replied:

"Aw, just for the heck of it, I guess."

"I'm used to them by now."

"They're easier to keep clean if you don't clean them."

"Because they're easy on the poor, tired feet."

From these representative groups, then, we may draw the following conclusions:

1—Most people simply follow the mob or herd instinct in this matter; they really haven't the slightest idea why they wear these articles of apparel.

2—The few who have a definite reason for wearing them do so mostly because of comfort or convenience.

3—The minority who could give an intelligent answer to the question were all Juniors. (This may not bear directly on the subject, but it is undoubtedly significant.)

With these conclusions in hand, it is with a distinctly discouraged feeling and heavy heart that I set them down as data. I fear me greatly that the problem of the white shoe is of necessity to remain unsolved until some later age. At that time, future psychologists may ponder over charts and graphs of human behavior and come to some conclusion concerning this problem. But for the present, may I state that the white shoe is an institution of the American college campus; it is a part of American college life. Other than this one statement, the wherefore and why-fore of the habit is destined to remain a mystery—at least to this generation of embryo statisticians.

SPRING RAINS

ROBERTA TAYLOR '38

Lightly falling, gently calling
  Soft and sweet.
Coming quickly, going swiftly
  Rhythmed beat.
Wanting flowers, waiting hours,
  Full of pain,
For your season, with good reason,
  Gentle, gentle rain.

SPRING INVENTORY

MARIE GLACCUM '39

I take an inventory now and then
To see what things I own. Now once again
I find that I am wealthy. There's the sky,
Bright blue with snowy lambkins racing by,
Bumping their heads in foolish, childlike ways.
There's sunshine, and the drowsy, faint spring haze
That gives excuse for laziness. There's rain
That breaks the heat, as suddenly as pain
Is dulled by gentle hands. Then there are nights
Of quivering softness, pierced by little lights
From fireflies and stars. And there are trees
That seem to laugh with every little breeze
That ruffles them. And there are fields, promising wheat.
And grass growing even by a city street.
No matter what my fortune, these will be
Possessions I may keep eternally.

SCRIP AND SCRIPPAGE

STREET SCENE

PAULINE SULLIVAN '38

He gazed at the small, narrow, dirty street. It fascinated him. A crooked, winding little street, littered with all sorts of rubbish and debris. An alley crowded with small, ragged, barefooted children, shouting at each other in a strange, foreign tongue. Dingy gray buildings seemed to crowd against one another. Open windows gave forth strong odors of cooking food. An old man sat dozing in a rickety chair, tipped dangerously against the rotting boards of one of the tall tenement houses. An old woman shrieked at him shrilly, shrugged her shoulders and walked along. Tired, dejected women scolded their noisy children. A young girl, dressed in gaudy red and wearing a yellow kerchief, smiled down upon the scene from an open window. A gaily-clad fruit vendor peddled his wares in the little cobble-stoned street. A tattered shawl covered the shoulders of the old lady who hobbled painfully along the roughly paved street. Poor people, yet they were happy in their own way. He shrugged his shoulders. What was it to him? He turned and sauntered leisurely away.

SPRING HATS

MARY T. CRONIN '38

Now that Mother Nature has thrown off her old label and has adorned herself with an entirely different name, "Spring," we see a decided change of scene, although perhaps as yet we have not felt a change in atmosphere. Horticultural enthusiasts are exhibiting their choicest blossoms, not in the Mechanics Building or at the Gardner Museum, but in the latest millinery creations. You instinctively sniff the air as a sweet young Miss passes you with a portable flower or vegetable garden balanced on her head, trimmed with a few bands of straw. You sigh, for the scent of the violets

is not forthcoming and the apples, on close inspection, are not so luscious as they appear.

This is not the only kind of headwear in *Vogue* this season; there are many varieties. Another type is that designed for the ethereal creature who has longed for years to soar with the eagle. Aviation enthusiasts may have their dreams fulfilled this season when they gaze upon these hats with birds atop them, poised for flight, or perched daringly on the side. Ah, gentle breeze, we trust you will not tempt them! Dame Fashion, not to leave any of her creatures disappointed, has patterned that small, flattering crown, better named by Edith Stevens, who sketches "Us Girls" in the *Boston Post*, as "The Cough Drop Hat."

There are chapeaux of all shapes and makes this season, bretons and brims, muffins, turbans and bumpers, felts and straws, brightly hued or dark, flower-bedecked or veiled; eye-shadowing or brow-baring. At your service, Madame! but, nevertheless, I still have that annual trouble, "I just cannot find a hat that is suitable for me."

AMERICA REDISCOVERED

MARGARET CAHILL '38

I discovered America the other day. It all happened quite accidentally. Having at least a dozen other things to do, and not being at all anxious to do them, I was rummaging around the attic in search of nothing in particular. Then I found it—a small, frayed, dusty book—Sadlier's *History of the United States*. I sat down on the spot and went through that book—from the Indians to Calvin Coolidge. Such an unprepossessing book—torn cover, broken edges, every portrait bespeckled, inked, and crayoned! No imposing array of statistics, no grandiloquent terms. Yet I found within its tattered, black cover the America I once knew—the "Land of Hope and Glory"; the land where heroes were patriots, not politicians, the land of courage and idealism. This was the America I knew, the land I loved.

We're living in a new age today—an age of cynicism. Modern historians don't glorify our heroes—they vilify them. For what is it but vilification to rake up ancient scandals, half-truths, and ru-

mors, expose ordinary, human faults, all the petty details of private lives? Are our souls too small and cramped, that not being able to rise to the heights of our heroes, we must drag them down to our level? Are we trying to destroy all faith in our country? To quote Arthur Guiterman:

> "The tales opponents told about them,
> The jeers their haters raised to flout them,
> Shall all be marshalled forth as Truth.
> To cynicize our ardent youth."

If we blast the reputations of our great men, discredit their motives, scoff at their deeds of valor—what heroes can we hold up to the youth of our nation? If we destroy our ideals and traditions, what will they glory in? If we have no faith in our country and its founders, we cannot expect them to possess it. Let us give them back their heroes: the noble Washington, great-hearted Nathan Hale, Lee of the South, and Grant of the North; Decatur and Perry—all the heroes of land and sea. Give them *men* and they'll forget their gun-men and gangsters. Give them faith in America, and Fascism and Nazism will stay on the other side of the Atlantic. Children are idealists, hero-worshippers. If they have no great men to admire, they will turn to little ones.

What if Washington did have false teeth? A General can't live on mush and milk! What if he did have a whiskey still on his plantation? He couldn't run out to the corner store for a bottle when he wanted to treat his guests. What if he did have slaves? He couldn't go out and work the land himself. He was away, building a nation. What if Paul Revere was not the only man who spread the alarm that April night in 1775? The alarm was spread. What if Andrew Jackson's wife did wear a calico gown and smoke a corncob pipe? Andrew Jackson was a great soldier and statesman. What if Lincoln's wife did have a violent, uncontrollable temper? Lincoln saved the nation. What do these petty details matter against the glorious record of their deeds? Why should we emphasize their flaws? Why should we rant at their human failings? They were men, but they were idealists, too. They had faith and courage. If they failed in minor things, they were not found wanting when the great test came. They were men of vision and dreamers of dreams.

The whole history of our country has been one of idealism. The nation was founded on an ideal—"Life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. If our heroes are tarnished, our traditions destroyed, that ideal, too, will be destroyed. We have received the sacred torch of liberty; we must guard it with our lives even, and pass it on unquenched. The pride of the Nation is in its Past; the hope of the Nation is in its Future!

YOU ARE—WHO?

PAULINE BIRD '38

I have a faculty for forgetting names and remembering faces. This trait has caused me much embarrassment at most inopportune moments; particularly when I try for politeness' sake to label a passerby with an Elmer for Clarence, or Cora for Penelope.

My most grievous error occurred when I met a woman who had been my teacher for two or more years in grammar school. I recognized her, and presuming she was some friend of my mother's, I proceeded to engage her in a friendly conversation, inquiring for her family, husband and children—and even daring so far as to attempt applying a name. To which inquiries she very coldly replied she was not Mrs. So and So; she was not married, as I very well knew (I agree I certainly should have), and she had definite ideas as to what should be done to such impudent children.

What is most disconcerting is the fact that, due to my multitudinous aunts, uncles, and cousins, I have made innumerable "jiffy" acquaintances, and so constantly I am finding myself in difficulty.

I have tried many suggested remedies to overcome this tendency, but all have been to no avail. Someone suggested that I do as Napoleon,—acknowledge the introduction if the name is not quite clear, ask for a repetition—then as the person talks, stamp the face in the memory and repeat many times the name. This would possibly be advantageous if there were an unseen character to carry on the conversation, or if I could express interest and concentration at the same time; but I would rather people think I had accidentally forgotten their names than establish a firm belief that

I was a complete imbecile—standing dumbly by attempting to impress a picture on my slow-working mind.

However, I have discovered a remedy—not wholly effective, but satisfactory enough to avoid humiliation. My plan is to make a few general comments, then engage the unknown by some query enabling him to expand on himself and his ideas—a weakness common to everyone—and it works!

THE THINGS THEY USED TO TELL YOU!

HARRIET L. CARRITTE '38

Remember the things they used to tell you when you were little? How could you ever forget them, even though you look and feel rather foolish now, thinking how easy you used to be? Remember the bad little old man who would come and get you right away if you wouldn't sit still and let your face be washed? And remember how you *did* stand still, immediately, casting furtive glances over your shoulder to make sure he wasn't coming. Then there was that old story about bread crusts that would make your hair curl if you ate enough of them. Remember how you ate bread crusts until you felt rather afraid it might be too much of a good thing, and your hair might come out kinky? There must have been something wrong with that one, because your hair remained as straight as an Indian's.

Have you forgotten the quantities of spinach you ate in the firm belief that it would make little girls as pretty as Baby Peggy? But, so far as you could see, it didn't change you much—in fact, you had decided, after peering into Mother's mirror every day for two weeks, you were homelier, if anything. And how about the great big rat that lived in the room where the trunks were kept? You loved to slip into that room and examine the fascinating contents of those trunks, and you regarded it a personal affront when the big rat took up residence there. But you stayed away, just the same, because he might not like it if you broke into his house without permission.

There was one story you never took much stock in, though. It was that one about the little brown elf who sat behind the cookie

jar in the pantry and who would reach out and pinch little girls' fingers when they sneaked in and took cookies after Mother had said they couldn't have any more. You had tried that one day, just to see if he really was there. And he wasn't! But you had felt so triumphant about it that you told Mother, just to show her, and she had said that the little elf was away for the day and had told her to punish you by not letting you have any dessert for dinner. And she didn't either! Then there was the one your uncle used to tell you about, how, if you had a tooth fall out and were very careful not to put your tongue in the hole, not even once, why, a gold tooth would grow there. You tried awfully hard that time, for you thought it would be lovely to have a gold tooth when all the other little girls had only common white ones. But the tooth that came in was white, and when you had resentfully accused your uncle of telling stories he had looked very hurt and said that you must have put your tongue in when you were asleep, and the charm had, of course, been broken. So you had sighed, and decided that when you grew up and were the richest lady in the world you would have all gold teeth, with maybe a diamond in the one right in front.

Then, of course, there was Santa Claus, and the Easter Bunny. On Christmas Eve you always left a lunch for Santa Claus, because you guessed he'd be pretty hungry after that long ride. And he always ate it, too, every single bit of it. The Easter Bunny you were never quite sure about. Of course, you thought maybe it might be a little true, but you didn't believe a bunny would go around in a tall silk hat and a coat with tails, and a cane. But still it might be really true, and the Bunny might be cross if you didn't believe in him, so you always left him a lunch, too—and then there was always the basket of Easter eggs there in the morning.

But then these things were all so silly; because you are a big girl now, and only babies would believe those things. Why, you had been ten, going on eleven, for eight days and a half and you didn't believe in any of those silly things any more—except, maybe, Santa Claus. It was just possible he might be real, and anyway Mother and Daddy might feel bad if you told them there wasn't any Santa Claus, so you guessed you wouldn't say anything about it; not for awhile, anyway.

MARY'S LIFE IN HER TITLES

TERESA McENROE '39

Mystical Rose—

When Ann is an aged woman, Mary is born. She is a child of grace, for she has been conceived without the stain of original sin.

Morning Star—

Mary was consecrated to God, and at the age of three is taken to the temple. We see her, a beautiful child with rapturous countenance, singing the psalms and hymns with the other children.

Virgin most Faithful—

She married Joseph, a poor carpenter. While in the midst of her prayers, the angel Gabriel appears to her. Startled, she looks up. "Hail, full of grace! the Lord is with thee; blessed art thou amongst women!" She is troubled, not understanding his words. But the angel hastens to reassure her. She consents and thus fulfills the promise made in the Garden of Paradise.

Ark of the Covenant—

True, for now she has the Son of God with her at all times. The visit to her cousin Elizabeth is the occasion of the composing of that beautiful canticle, the *Magnificat*.

Mother most Pure, Mother most Chaste—

In a city of strangers, with a rude cave for protection, and angels to welcome Him, Jesus, the Son of God, is born. Tenderly, Mary, the Virgin Mother, wraps her child in swaddling clothes and lays Him in the manger. Breath of animals warms Him, kings adore Him.

Virgin most Humble—

Following the custom of the Jews, Mary submits to the ceremony of the purification. When she presents Jesus in the tem-

ple, Simeon warns her that some day a sword of sorrow shall pierce her heart.

Mother most Admirable—

Because Herod wishes to kill Jesus, Mary and Joseph are forced to flee with the Child into Egypt. When Jesus is twelve years old, He is lost in the temple. After an anxious search for three days, Mary and Joseph find Him in the midst of the doctors, listening to them and asking questions.

Virgin most Powerful—

Although He is not yet ready, at His mother's request Jesus performs His first miracle at the marriage-feast of Cana. Mary, always solicitous for others, does not wish her host to be embarrassed by the lack of wine.

Tower of Ivory—

Sadly Mary bids her Son farewell. He must begin His public life. She realizes that all will not accept Him. His enemies will strive to injure Him. Somehow, she feels He will die to save mankind.

Mother of Sorrows—

In the passion, Simeon's prophecy comes true. House of Gold—steadfastly she stands by her Son in His last hours. She suffers with Him. *Stabat Mater.* She feels each stroke of the whip, each thorn pressed into His brow, each sickening thud of the hammer as the nails are pounded into His feet and hands. Grief-stricken, she stands at the foot of the cross, watching and waiting. The seven last words . . . Now it is done and Jesus is laid in the tomb.

Queen of Peace—

The Resurrection . . . Christ has risen gloriously on the third day. How Mary welcomes Him . . . Her Son.

Queen of Heaven and Mistress of the World—

After Mary dies she is taken bodily into Heaven and crowned Queen. Now, in Heaven, she is the "Refuge of Sinners," their most powerful advocate, for what can Jesus refuse His Mother?

BLESSED MOTHER JULIA

AUDREY SWENDEMAN '39

CHILD Apostle of Cuvilly . . . gathering her schoolmates at noon . . . teaching them the great goodness of "the good God" . . . spreading a Gospel of charity, simplicity, obedience—of sorrow for sins—but chiefly of love of God, and the happiness of a good life . . . strengthening her instruction with the potency of good example . . . casting the shadow of her own shining holiness over an entire village . . . arousing in it a faint reflection of the perfection that was hers—just as the faltering student weakly endeavors to reproduce the lofty and inspired work of the master—or as the cold, grey storm-clouds yield to the piercing lance of the sun, and absorb some of its warmth as they pass through.

Suffering spouse of Christ . . . patient in pain . . . spending a hidden life of twenty-three years in earnest preparation for future labor—a sowing of seeds to reap a harvest of souls . . . Strong beneath the persecution of the Revolution . . . a rock of refuge for feebler Christians, she found in their vacillation the work she was seeking—the vast need God intended her to satisfy—the education of the children of the world—not in secular knowledge alone—but primarily in a clear knowledge of Himself—so that the members of His Church Militant might never again fall through ignorance.

Mother of thousands of faithful daughters . . . triumphant in her trust . . . miraculously restored to health by the infinite power of Divine Love . . . tireless in energy . . . the motivating power behind a vast movement—a movement as rapid as a whirlpool—beginning with a few ripples—swirling in wider and wider circles—sucking in the youth of all nations—encompassing schools, colleges, missions—a great institute which—as a certain great Cardinal said—is "the breath of the Apostolic Spirit—falling from the Heart of Jesus—upon the heart of a woman who knew how to believe—and how to love."

REMEMBRANCE

CLAIRE E. BUSBY '37

When a hushed holy stillness
  Lingers on the evening's breast;
When the cradle-songs of nature
  Lull the soul to peaceful rest;

Then adown fair dreamland by-ways
  Homing thoughts are wont to stray,
Where upon the sea of fancy
  Gleams afar the silver spray.

And, from out the past, loved faces
  Beaming star-like, on our ways,
Brighten with a holy radiance
  All the darkness of our days.

AD MAIOREM DEI GLORIAM

CLAIRE STANTON '40

Now is the long, slow summer of Thy fruitfulness,
Now is Thy greatness glorified in Heaven, O God!
Out of thine earthly creatures, out of children's tongues
Comes now forth Thy perfect praise, in wide-eyed faith.
Thy fingers moulded moon and stars in ordered plan,
Thy hands have moulded angels in their prime.

Lesser than angels man is! Thy crop, Thy creature!
Over the birds of air, and beasts of wild-forest;
Over the fish that swim and dart in deep water,
Man has dominion: His the rule of lesser things.

God over all! And His, all angels, men and beasts.
Glory to God! Whose greatness shines in lesser things
Great in the large and little!
Great in His handiwork, man!

HALOS AND HAIR SHIRTS

SAINT FRANCIS OF ASSISI

MARGARET DOLAN '38

The dawning sun was scarlet in the Umbrian vale, when the Troubadour of the Lord, lifting his heart, poured forth in rhapsodic melody the glories of God.

The summer day was sultry by a roadside near Bevagna, when, with artless simplicity, a dusty, ragged friar preached a sermon of love to his "little brethren, the birds."

The late afternoon, casting shadows in the market-place, found a brother of men telling with simple eloquence of the love of Christ for man—about him a romantic charm and a beauty, a singular lovableness—in his nature a chord of sympathy responding to the touch of humanity.

The evening air was cool above the plain when the lover of the Lady Poverty, the mystic of La Verna, knelt on a rocky patch to lose himself in contemplation of his Maker, to know alone the bliss of close communion with God, the God who could not resist the pleas of Francis, the Poor Little Man of Assisi.

SAINT IGNATIUS OF LOYOLA

GERTRUDE COLLINS '38

Fiery sweeps of color across ivory pages of Spanish history—storm over Madrid and thunder in the west—high romance and adventure in holiness—studies of immortality in shadow—martial music echoing down the grey corridors of years—light into light through cavalcade of centuries—this man of Loyola—and God's first legion.

SAINT THOMAS MORE

DOROTHY O'HARE '37

The keen eyes of the Lord Chancellor saw the innocence of one man and the guilt of another. They saw the limitations of their possessor as well as the limitations of others. They viewed all men with friendliness, but were deceived by none. They saw the sincere love of Margaret and the fickle love of Henry. They distinguished between loyalty to king and loyalty to Pope. They recognized the duty of a husband and father as well as of a counsellor and statesman. They perceived the necessity of subordinating things of the flesh to things of God. They viewed Henry's stubbornness with pity, Cranmer's connivings with contempt. They glanced at the cold stones and fireless hearth of a prison cell with forbearance and merriment. They spent the long hours of a year's imprisonment sometimes closed in prayer, sometimes following the tracings of a pen, a pencil, a piece of coal, on bits of paper. They surveyed the faces of the judges, and noticed their confusion with amusement. These eyes, keener and sharper than the sword of the executioner, saw not the punishment of disloyalty to king, but beyond, looking to the reward of loyalty to the King of kings.

SAINT ROBERT SOUTHWELL

MARGARET CAHILL '38

Man of paradox—Robert Southwell—Elizabethan adventurer —yet he sought for souls—not gold. Descendant of apostates and time servers—he gave his life for the Church they renounced. A soldier of Christ—his mystical soul delighted in the contemplation and adoration of his Infant King. Flaming torch held up by the English martyrs. Their heart—bursting with passion and love for Christ. Their voice—serene and undaunted in spite of mockery and torture. Their soul—splendidly triumphant over shameful death. Their spirit—shining gloriously in the darkness of hatred and persecution.

SAINT THOMAS AQUINAS

MARY DOWCETT '38

A dumb ox with bull-like qualities—awkward and silent—a mysterious being of ignorance and intelligence—pitied by his fellow students—and yet a mystery to them. In reality no dumb ox—rather, solid and colossal—terrible and towering over all mankind—a giant among men—a secret sun "dark with an excess of light." This gigantic bull taught a great orthodox theology which alone from out the rottenness of paganism, pessimism, and other medieval *isms* stands on high today. He smote the table with his huge fist and with smoldering eyes fought battles of truth and logic—reason his sword. His mind laboring like a great mill, he illuminated darkened intellects like a blazing flash of lightning. Dumb ox, perhaps, but from the throne of philosophy and contemplation, his bellowing has filled the world.

SAINT CATHERINE OF SIENA

ESTHER FARRINGTON '38

A child of singular vision and piety—stopping in fields, fragrant with flowers—head uplifted—a shining light in her eyes—a look of eagerness on her face—a touch on her arm—a cry, not of petulance, but of pain and loss—"Oh, Stefano, you spoiled it—they are gone; you sent them away—my lovely vision!" "Little Mama" of the Caterinata, the Fellowship—Dominican Tertiary—Spiritual Spouse of Christ—Mystic—Leader of youth—the saviour of the Papacy—a lily in corrupted Avignon—a young woman, seeking Urban VI—advancing through rows of inimical Cardinals—showing hate—fear—wonderment. Persuasive Catherine—weak Urban! A Flame—a Reed! A promise given—a promise kept—hate and fear—the Pope returns to Rome. Catherine has saved the Papacy. Like a flaming sword she stands forth—shining in Medieval darkness—the Flame of Christianity and Christ's Church—symbol of God's love.

SAINT THERESA OF AVILA

MARY F. CONLEY '38

A young girl—beautiful—proud and free—imaginative, enthusiastic, gifted above all others—favored by God, who chose her for Himself. Now a nun—a mystic—transfigured in her ecstasies, yet human, understanding. A reformer—a foundress—misunderstood and persecuted, but fired by an unquenchable zeal. A writer—inspired—entitled a Doctor of the Church—she who felt unequal to the task—A gift from Spain to God, and to the world, Saint Theresa of Avila.

SAINT FRANCIS BORGIA

GERTRUDE COAKLEY '38

The candle's yellow light flickers and splatters up through the pregnant silence. A portrait of Caesar Borgia, red-headed, black-hearted Caesar, hangs on the wall of the cell-like room. Francis Borgia is kneeling by his narrow cot, his shoulders shaking with quiet sobs. The portrait seems to speak to him.

"Francis—Francis!—Don't look then—but you know I'm here. You never could forget me—could you? Never could forget that your blood was as hot, as fierce as mine. So you denied yourself everything—even things that men with milk and water in their veins enjoyed—Turning your eyes away when the hawk fell on its quarry—away from the squirming, the ripping claws. And a Borgia! A petty gesture, Francis!"

He pauses, then speaks again, quickly.

"Remember, Francis—the feasts? The beautiful women—Their smooth skin and pretty hands? And you wore a hair shirt so that you wouldn't remember them too well. And you were as handsome as the rest of us . . . O Francis!—you fool!"

He pauses, then more quietly:

"Francis—today—when your son-in-law put Eleanor's picture on the altar—I thought—well, it was there in front of you when you

said Mass!—I wonder—Francis—are you a Borgia?—or are you really—a saint?"

The door opens and Juan slips inside, alarmed and hesitant at what he sees. Francis stretches out his hand to him.

"It's all right, son."

He looks at the picture, sadly, not defiantly.

"God gave me strength to be unmoved today—to remember her only to pray for her soul as I always do. And Juan——" his tear-wet face, now turned towards Juan, is radiant, "she—your mother has just visited me. Before she returned to Heaven she asked me to give you her blessing."

SAINT JOHN BERCHMANS

HARRIET L. CARRITTE '38

He was the despair of the House. For a month now the Father Rector had been of two minds whether to pack him off home or to give him a few months more, just to see if the good, which he felt sure was in the boy, would come to the surface. But he was about at the end of his rope. He felt now that if another escapade of young Berchmans came to his ears he would inform the young scholastic that he had better try another Order—the Jesuits had had enough of him.

"But, after all," he mused, as he sat at his desk in the bare little room that was his office, "he's young, and full of life." He smiled involuntarily as the thought of young Berchmans' last exhibition of "life" came to his mind. A frog in poor old Brother Lambert's bed. The good old man had been beside himself with wrath when he reported the prank to the Father Rector.

"Your reverence, if that young man stays here much longer we'll all be—be——" He had stopped, speechless with rage.

The priest sat up suddenly, startled by a sharp rapping at the door.

"Yes?" he called.

The door opened and three irate priests invaded the room. The Rector glanced at them, gasped, and sat staring. The faces of all

three were sprinkled with a darkish substance that bore a decided resemblance to ink. One lifted his hand to his face and the priest saw that it was stained with the same dark liquid.

"Well, Fathers, what has happened to you?"

Father Martin, the shortest of the group, and by far the angriest, began to sputter fiercely:

"Ink—in the holy water—that young Berchmans again! What are we going to do?"

The Father Rector's lips twitched uncontrollably. He tightened them and rapidly reconstructed in his mind the scene as it must have occurred. The good Fathers coming into the chapel to evening Benediction, securing liberal fingertipsful of holy water, as was their pious wont, and—disaster.

The Rector soothed them as best he could and they left much consoled. But the mind of their Superior was far from easy. He sat fiercely slouched in his chair, his thoughts in chaotic disorder. Finally he straightened himself slowly. He had made his decision: the boy must go. They could never put a serious thought in his head. It was useless to try, so they might as well get rid of him. At least they would have peace, even if he himself did have that nagging thought of failure.

He stood up, amazed to realize that he must have been there for several hours. It was nearly midnight. Well, he would slip into the chapel for a few minutes, then go to bed. He turned his steps rather stiffly toward the long corridor leading to the chapel, reached the heavy door and pulled it open. He stood there for a moment, trying to pierce with his eyes the darkness broken only by a dim glow near the altar. Walking forward then, he stopped a few feet away from the altar steps. His gloom-accustomed eyes suddenly fell on a slight form kneeling on the lowest step. Puzzled (for were they not all in bed at this hour?) he stole closer. John Berchmans! In the chapel—at midnight! and on his face the most glorious look of exalted devotion that the Rector had ever seen. In a moment the indecision and despair that had been his fell away. He smiled contentedly at the figure on the crucifix and slipped out of the chapel, leaving John Berchmans on his knees.

APRIL

ALMA HARROLD '38

I like early spring, when the warm air is sweet
With the spiced scent of lilacs, and red robins meet
High in the treetops in one merry throng
To welcome their season and burst forth in song.
I like early spring, the soft hum of the bees
As they buzz and they drove, in happy release
From the winter now past, in joy for the sun
That kisses the flowers and awakens each one.
Who, lifting their heads, after two seasons' rest,
Invite honeybees and the warm sun's caress.
I like early spring, when brown grass turns to green,
And the trees are reflected in each shining stream
That tumbles o'er stones, and frolics in mirth
For life has returned once more to the earth.

THE ETHOS

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EDITORIAL

COMMUNISM AND YOUTH

We are living in a world where, as the Queen told Alice in Wonderland, "you have to run like everything to stay where you are." And why? Because Communism is vitally appealing. It is double-faced; it is dressed in truth. What can we, the college girls of America, do to prevent Communism from gaining a foothold

here? Merely to be against Communism because of the harm it does to men and nations is not enough. Evil is not conquered by the good plans of a few people. Evil is put down by organized masses of human beings who understand the evil to be fought and the plans to be used as weapons. Let us discuss among ourselves alternative plans and proposals. In this way shall the multitudes come to understand the forces which make for Communism and also come to an agreement on effective action against Communism.

Communism must be fought on the triple grounds on which it thrives—Economic, Political and above all, Religious. A decent annual living wage must be guaranteed all workers; political corruption must be stopped, and religion must no longer be ignored, but favored as a stepping-stone to a successful government. Frequently we hear the statement, "Communism is no longer opposed to religion." There is only one way to decide whether it is or not, and that is to study the facts. Let us consider for a moment Article 124 of the new Soviet Constitution: "In order to insure to citizens freedom of conscience, the Church in the U. S. S. R. is separated from the State and the school from the Church. Freedom of worship and freedom of anti-religious propaganda are recognized for all the citizens." This, as it reads, does not seem the least bit unfavorable to the practice of religion. But what does freedom of worship really mean in Russia? It means that a citizen has a right to worship God if he can find a Church, or a minister, a priest, or a rabbi. But the number of Christian Churches in Russia is steadily decreasing, as well as the number of Religious. The Communists have stated that by the end of 1937 there will not be a single religious structure of any kind. How, then, can one have religious worship? Freedom of worship in Russia really means freedom against worship. In other words, you are free to worship, but where or how can you worship? Now let us discuss the word "propaganda." A person under the Communistic regime would not be allowed to distribute religious pamphlets because that would be propaganda; neither would he be allowed to broadcast religious talk, for that also would be propaganda. However, a Communist would have a perfect right to talk *against* religion because that right is preserved to him according to Article 124. Although this Article

may, on first reading, seem to favor religion, as soon as the mask is removed we see religion destroyed. Thus we see that Communism is more than ever opposed to religion.

When we consider the fate of the triple "M," Mexico, Moscow, and Madrid, we realize how blessed America has been. Yet in America today we find thousands eager for changes in our social and political life. One may talk with men on the street who openly favor Communism. If we were to question these people, we would find that they have no idea of the many radical changes which Communism will bring about. They little realize that if America were a Communistic state, freedom of speech would be outlawed. Communism, by promising to do away with Capitalism, and to make every man a king in his own sphere, has struck a vital note in human hearts.

As Monsignor Sheen points out, there are three stages in the development of Communism in democratic countries. The first stage he calls the broad "Front," which they hope to establish in America. The second stage is made up of a mixed group of Socialists and Communists, such as one may find in France. The last stage is found in Spain, where they incite shedding of blood in preparation for Communism. The Pope, on many occasions, has spoken solemn words of warning to the whole world. Will it take heed? A nation needs God as well as an individual. Yet in many places today, the follower of Christ is crushed in soul and in body. Let us beware. America is still in the first stage, and there is still time to be saved. We cannot sit by—we must act—and who is better fitted for this task than the Catholic College students of America. Our College Alumnae have established Catholic Action Clubs and are thus informing the world of the truth. The Sodalities among the various colleges have formed a union to weld the efforts of all Sodalities so that each will be working with maximum efficiency. Our own Emmanuel Alumnae have formed an Evidence Guild to prepare themselves to take an active part in Catholic Action. Let us cooperate with these various unions and clubs, and help drive out this demon called Communism. If Communism must be abolished, then all earnest Catholics should unite to destroy it.

BOOK REVIEWS

"SANCTITY"

By Violet Clifton

CLAIRE STANTON '40

There is always a noticeable difference between a Catholic who has the heritage of faith and one who has adopted it. Converts are always meeting new things, exciting things, in the Catholic Church. That, I think, is why Violet Clifton brings to her brief book, *Sanctity*, such a fresh, unclouded perspective. She brings to it, also, the dignity of a newly made convert, who has not yet realized the Catholic's familiarity with Saints.

Sanctity is a play, picturing the life of Elizabeth, Princess of Hungary, as child, wife, and widow. With the portrayal of Elizabeth as a very young girl, the author gives both hint and promise of future greatness. Her sweetness and sincerity, her gentleness with the poor, and the respect which she elicited from all, make her a lovable as well as an inspiring character. The sacrifices which she makes burn saintliness into her soul, and the last act sees the fulfillment of that first great prophecy made of Elizabeth.

It does not take long to find out in reading this book that it also marks Violet Clifton's own progress towards the Catholic Church and Sanctity. Her deep sincerity, her spiritually lyric gift, and her strong choice of words, bear a hint of Father Hopkins' works. This is shown in passages such as this:

"O tempest, O havoc, down-sweeping, up-rooting,
The void of this losing, O God do thou fill it."

A very few minor faults are forgotten when one views *Sanctity* as a whole and finds such beautiful passages as this.

"God does not overturn His natural laws,
But eagle-sweeping faith can over-slant,
And soaring, planing prayer can over-wing
Ten thousand lesser laws."

Only a sincere admirer could have given such an appreciation of Elizabeth; only a poet such beauty to this play; only a woman such charm.

"THE GREATEST OF THE BORGIAS"

By Mrs. Margaret Yeo

GERTRUDE COAKLEY '38

It is the sixteenth century, the century of the Renaissance in Spain, when a man is either all good or all bad, when he either prays beneath the cool, Gothic arches of the cathedral or follows the gleam of silver, the glow of silk and velvet, the glitter of jewels in the close atmosphere of the great palace. It is a century when life is most keen and full. And through it all walks Francis Borgia, whose heart and soul yearn for the sparkling coolness of the cathedral, and whose birth and position hold him close to the silver, the velvet, and the jewels. And his life is most keen and full. In giving us the story of that vital saint, Francis, *The Greatest of the Borgias,* Mrs. Yeo is so enchanted with his background that she gives us not only Francis Borgia, but Renaissance Spain as well. Her saint and his background remind one of a deep red jewel sunk in a heavy, ornate gold setting. And when Mrs. Yeo separates them in the latter half of the book, Francis loses some of his vitality, the Renaissance some of its glitter, and the story some of its charm. Could it be that her interest in Francis was stimulated by his background, and when she was forced to thrust it aside, she missed that glamour it gave to the figure of Francis? But that is forgotten quickly when we consider her sympathetic interpretation of Francis, her word pictures, and the color and fire of that first half.

"THE LATE GEORGE APLEY"

By John P. Marquand

MARIE KEEFE '40

John P. Marquand's initial success, *The Late George Apley,* is a novel of the Boston Brahmin tradition and takes the form of a memoir. The book is concerned chiefly with the intellectual and social changes which took place in America during the late Victorian era and the first few decades of the twentieth century. As the special phase of Boston life that Mr. Marquand deals with was

ruled by an essential and undeviating discipline of background, the resulting work is a satire of that mentally deteriorating society. It is greatly to the author's credit that he has succeeded in making the reader lose the sense of fiction, so adroitly has he developed his characters and incidents.

As a child, George Apley was taught that the individual, although he was independent in all else, was subordinate to the family. He, in his turn, tried to impress the same doctrine on his son. He never attempted or even wished to separate himself from the puritanical influence exerted over him by his environment, and throughout all his life was adamant against all change. His whole life was spent in saving the face of the family, as he firmly believed that the faults of one member of a family should not be detrimental to the solidarity of the whole family before the rest of the world.

George Apley experienced keen disappointment over the failure of his children to realize that every family has a heritage to hand down to posterity. But he felt great joy on John's enlistment in the army during the war.

John Marquand has followed a stern and austere pattern that admits no sentimentality in his work. Above all else, *The Late George Apley* is subtle; subtle in its delineation of character, in its humor and satire, in its entire conception. The sincerity of the man and the simplicity and directness of the author make it an effective book that deserves its current popularity.

WHERE SUNLIGHT CAST ITS RAY

MARIE GLACCUM '39

On a queer old street, away somewhere,
With its filth and pain and darkness there,
The very crookedest part of all
Held the one lone ray that the sun let fall.
It glistened down on the cobble stones:
It smiled on the dirt, the waste, the bones;
It helped to brighten the lonely souls;
It cast its web in the darkest holes;
It sparkled and shone and did its best
To give to that place both peace and rest;
And they stayed there through each gloomy day,
In that spot where the sunlight cast its ray.

E. C. ECHOES

Chemical Society

On February the fifteenth, H. P. Hood and Sons presented three talking films for the benefit of the Chemical Society. The first was "The Stream of Life," and the second on "The Flavors There," besides a short comedy. Anna Sheehan, President of the society, presided.

French Society

On February seventeenth, the French Society conducted its last meeting in the form of a tea and short entertainment given by the members of the club.

Ethos

On February twenty-fourth, the Ethos Staff presented a Salamagundi Party in the college gymnasium. A variety of games were played and prizes were awarded.

Foreign Mission Society

On March first, a circus was held for the benefit of the Foreign Mission Society, in which the freshman members took part.

Lecture

On March eighth, Mrs. Margaret Strickland Hurley addressed the student body. Mrs. Hurley gave an illuminating discussion of Ireland, high-lighting the most interesting points of her visit of a few years ago.

Athletic Society

On March tenth, the freshman members of the Athletic Society conducted a Fair in the college gymnasium.

Dramatic Society

On March fourteenth, the annual Lenten Drama, *Shekels*, was presented by the Dramatic Society in the college auditorium. Heading the cast were Mary Dunn, Helen Delaney and Katherine Fleming.

Sodality Confederation

On March fourteenth, the Sodality Confederation met at Emmanuel. Father LeBuffe and Father Ahern were present. Father Ahern spoke briefly of the ultimate objectives of the organization. Plans were made for the intercollegiate May Devotion day to be held at Boston College Heights.

Glee Club

A section of the Glee Club contributed the musical selections for the Lenten Drama on March fourteenth.

On March twenty-first, the Glee Club sang at the Copley-Plaza Hotel at the meeting of the International Federation of Catholic Alumnae.

The same day members of the College Orchestra rendered selections at the Diocesan Oratorical Contest held at College.

Publicity

On March fifteenth the Publicity Committee presented Famous Paintings of Famous Women under the direction of Mrs. Henry W. Inman. The models were taken from the student body.

Historical Society

On March twenty-second, the Historical Society presented Father J. F. X. Murphy, who spoke on the present conditions in Spain, giving expert explanations of the various parties, and describing the existing conditions and circumstances. Mary Duris, President, introduced the speaker.

The Sophomore Bridge

On March thirty-first, during the Easter vacation, the Sophomores presented their annual bridge, luncheon, and fashion show at Filene's in Boston. Helen Reilly was Chairman of the committee.

Open House Day

On April third, under the direction of the Alumnae, and with the assistance of the student body, Emmanuel became hostess to students from one hundred and twenty High Schools in Greater Boston. The Glee Club and the Athletic Association entertained the visitors. Members of the Alumnae Association gave short talks to show the numerous fields that Emmanuel graduates have entered. Tea was served later. The entire college was open for inspection.

The Literary Society

On April fifth, the Literary Society presented Father Terrence Connolly as their guest speaker of the afternoon. Father Connolly spoke on "The Evolution of Chesterton's Religious Thought as Exemplified in His Poetry." Lucy Verza presided.

The German Club

On April seventh, the German Club presented a German play. Piano selections were rendered by Dorothy Breslin. Helen O'Connor spoke and Esther Farrington sang.

THE EMMANUEL LEAGUE

The Emmanuel League will close its season's activities on Sunday, May sixteenth, when the annual Communion Breakfast will be held at the College, following nine o'clock Mass in the Chapel. Mrs. Edmond L. Grimes of Chestnut Hill, the chairman, is in charge of reservations.

The May Party and Cake Sale will take place on the first day of the month in the College Gymnasium, Mrs. Mario Caliri of Roxbury in charge. There will be bridge and whist, followed by refreshments.

The League has had a very successful year, its fifth, under the direction of Miss Jane F. McKey, the president, who is serving a second term. The monthly meetings were changed from the third Sunday to the second Thursday, and in place of different guest speakers, Reverend Thomas A. Fay, S.J., gave a series of lectures on Current Events. Father Fay is a very interesting speaker, and the members and their guests enjoyed the different topics, especially the last on April eighth, on "Spanish Conditions." At the February meeting, Miss Mary Brennan, one of the members, gave a much appreciated talk on her visits to Catholic Shrines. Tea was served each afternoon.

The bridge parties held in the League Room on the third Tuesday of each month (the last on April twentieth) have been very satisfactory. Different groups of Board members served as hostesses and a goodly sum has been added to the treasury. The special annual events—the opening October party, the Thanksgiving Penny Sale, the mid-Winter Bridge and Fashion Show, and the March Coffee Party—have all been great successes, in several instances the receipts exceeding past records.

ALUMNAE NEWS

Elizabeth McNamara, '35, entered the convent of the Holy Child at Sharon Hill, Pennsylvania.

Eleanor Farr, '35, is now working at the Home Loan Office, Boston.

Mary Vaas, '35, is employed in the office of the Economy Stores.

Anne Drinan, '35, is at present working at the Pepperell Sheets' office.

Constance Doyle, '35, is continuing her studies at Boston College.

The Bridge Party held by Anastasia Kirby, '35, for the interest of the college, proved to be very enjoyable for all who attended.

Evangeline Mercier, '35, received the religious habit in the Carmelite Monastery, Roxbury, on April 10. Her name in religion is Sister Evangeline of Jesus.

Marion Cassidy, '35, is enjoying a trip to South America.

Another traveler is Olive Dalton, '36, who spent last month in Bermuda with her class from Katherine Gibbs Secretarial School.

Rita Ryan, '36, is teaching in North Chelmsford.

Helen McLaughlin, '36, is teaching music in Cumberland Hills, Rhode Island.

Rita Finn, '36, is doing library work in Somerville.

Gertrude Larkin, '36, is teaching in Cherry Valley, Worcester.

Eleanor Elcock, '36, is teaching in a high school in Baltimore, Maryland.

Rita Shea and Mary Healy, both of '36, are teaching Night School.

Eleanor Fogarty, '36, is a laboratory technician in a hospital at Martha's Vineyard.

Rita Koen, '36, is training for service representative work in the New England Telephone and Telegraph Company.

Peg Mackin, '36, is studying for an M.A. at Boston University.

Congratulations

Dr. and Mrs. Daniel Leech (Eileen Glidden, '35), a daughter, Judith Anne.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Carven (Anne O'Reilly, '35), a son, Joseph, Jr.

Marriages

Marietta McDonald, '27, married Dr. M. Leo Cannon.

Josephine Sullivan, '25, married Mr. Edmund Burke.

Alma Danforth, '25, married Judge Robert Welsh.

Helen Casey, '32, married Mr. Richard Browne Lewey.

Grace Curley, '28, married Mr. James Prendergast.

Madeleine Egan, '29, married Dr. Daniel J. Mullane.

Gladys Hamilton, '30, married Mr. John J. Meehan.

In Christo Quiescentes

Dr. Thomas E. Caulfield, father of Jean Caulfield, '39.

Matthew Crehan, father of Miss Mary Crehan, member of the Faculty.

Ettore DeLeo, father of Rita DeLeo, '36, and Hilda DeLeo, '38.

Lucien W. Jarret, father of Lucille Jarret, '39.

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"WHAT IS TRUTH?"

Pilate's Words to Christ

REVEREND FRANCIS X. SALLAWAY, S.T.D.

Baccalaureate Sermon

AN occasion of this kind is always rich in meaning because it emphasizes the promise of youth. It is the solemn proclamation that another company of young hearts has been made ready to assume the burdens of life, to bring new vision, a new strength, and a hope as yet undimmed by disillusionment unto the solution of humanity's problems. Than youth there is no finer thing in the world. Life is at its best when life is young. And I can think of no better wish to extend to you young ladies, this morning, than that at least the faith, the courage, the bold daring and fearlessness of the youth in which you glory today may not slip from you with the passing of the years, and that at the final distribution of prizes, honors and rewards for your lives, you may still find the glorious spirit of your youth intact, although your hair be white and your forms bent with age.

We believe that the faith and courage so characteristic of youth are something more than mere exuberant physical powers eager to test their prowess. We believe that these qualities of youth are more solid products, fruits born of an education that explains their true foundations, a training which makes you old in wisdom and virtue, although young in years and experience.

There is another kind of education abroad in the land, an education which exchanges things of the spirit for things of the flesh. And to the Catholic mind, that is folly! That is the "foolishness of the wisdom of this world." And yet it has many defenders, who voice its praises in very plausible and persuasive language, and who resent any criticism of it in any of its forms: secular universities, or even the public high schools and grammar schools of our American cities.

Father Gillis, the Paulist, in the *Catholic World,* writes: "If we do but utter a single syllable in criticism of an educational program in which religion is made to take a back seat, or even kept out of doors altogether, we are instantly denounced as un-American, unpatriotic, hostile to the Constitution of this fair land of light and learning. Our colleges and parochial schools are ignored and derided. The sacrifices we make to create the only kind of education of which we feel we can approve, are looked upon, not as evidences of conscience or high principle, but as signs that we are aliens in the country in which we live, ingrates unmindful of the privileges conferred upon us, and probably traitors to the government which shelters us." He continues, "If you think that those are exaggerated statements, get yourself invited to speak over a nation-wide radio hook-up and then utter your word or syllable of criticism and you'll soon find out whether those viewpoints are exaggerated or not. I've tried it," he exclaims, "and I know!"

Yes, there are many people who consider the American public educational system quite as sacred a thing as the American flag itself, or the Constitution, and consequently that any criticism of it is some sort of treason.

Let me analyze very briefly for you this morning the difference between secular and religious education. I shall begin by pointing out the full scope of all secular education. It is summed up under the following five heads: (1) Physical Education; (2) Economic Efficiency; (3) Social Efficiency; (4) Individual Culture; and (5) Good Citizenship.

Some of these are big-sounding words and each topic has had many a long address and many a long book written upon it alone. But altogether they mean simply this: that any efficient plan of education must do these five things: (1) preserve and build up the child's physical health; (2) prepare him to earn his own living, to support himself in life; (3) take into consideration the good of society in general by inculcating in the child a sense of social service, love of neighbor, (on a natural plane); (4) produce that refinement of mind, heart and emotions which we call culture; and finally, (5) teach the child those six virtues which constitute good citizenship: viz., faith in, hope for, and love of his fellowman, (not

the supernatural virtues, mind you, that we Catholics usually understand by those terms, but something far less); and then those other three natural virtues of citizenship; disinterestedness, or unselfishness, reverence for law, and last of all, self-control.

I call these aims the full scope and purpose of all secular education because no secular education pretends to do any more than produce and develop these qualities in the child. There you have in a few words a complete summary of everything that is capable of arousing enthusiasm in the program, the aims, endeavors and accomplishments of secular education. In other words, secular education stops right there, when it has brought to bear upon the child's mind all the motives which it can find to induce the youth of the land to accept all that teaching and carry it out in practice—all motives except unfortunately the strongest, and the only sufficient one of them all, viz., religion.

And with how much success does it do it? Strange as it may seem, after all the money that has been and is being poured out to accomplish these ends, many educators, and secular educators as well, are admitting today among themselves and occasionally publicly, that their means are inadequate, their motives insufficient to achieve their object, and their actual results disappointingly meagre.

But the Catholic Church goes further. Concerning all these truly worthy aims of education for this world alone, the Catholic Church says openly and bravely to all secular educators, no matter who they may be:

"You have missed the principal things in life!

"All that you do accomplish is very good, very necessary, very important. And I teach my children all of it, just as well as you. In fact, I think I teach it to them more effectively than you, because I offer them much stronger motives than you, motives which are sufficient to induce them to accept it all and carry it out in their lives. Much of it is commanded by Almighty God, anyway, and I tell them so very plainly, and you do not; you never mention His name to them.

"Throughout the entire process of their training, I supernaturalize all that worldly teaching. I take advantage of the light and guidance of divine revelation, which you reject. And beyond that, I teach them many other things, far more important things than even all that you are concerned about, things which you either forget, or do not know, or do not believe, or do not dare to teach, or for some other reason think it wiser to omit.

"And the principal thing which I teach them and you do not is God's own explanation of life, the underlying reason for their existence, the only real wisdom in the world: 'the one thing necessary,' viz., the glory of God through the salvation of their immortal souls. And what does the child ever hear from the secular educator about his soul or its salvation? 'Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and the rest shall be added unto you!'"

This, then, is the Catholic Church's attitude toward state-controlled schools; in fact, toward any schools *for her children* in which she has no controlling voice. It is true that under certain circumstances these schools may be doing very excellent and praiseworthy work in their limited field. And it is also true that under certain circumstances, approved by the Bishop, when adequate safeguards to their faith are provided, Catholic children are permitted to attend these schools, especially where they have none of their own and so would otherwise be deprived of any education at all; but the general law is that they must avoid them.

And yet even some Catholics, perhaps prompted by a sort of loyalty, mindful of the debt of gratitude for their own education, ask WHY? "Why," they say, "is not that education which we received good enough for our children? We are still good Catholics. Why, if we are content with it, must we pay doubly for this other Catholic education, even granting that it is somewhat superior?"

And the Church answers them patiently:

"My dear children:—look over with me a page or two of history. How often in my long experience have I seen the sad results of committing the education of my children into hands other than my own! How often have I witnessed the control of their education fall into the hands of men whose views of life were full of

strange and tragic errors; men, whose philosophies of life confined its full meaning to this world alone; men, who if they did not deny the existence of God and His revelations concerning the soul, its immortal destiny, the morality of its acts and its responsibility to God for them, at least ignored all these things, exhibited no interest in them, concentrated their entire attention and concern only on the practical and material things of this earthly life.

"And what assurance have I that these things will not happen again, to the immeasureable detriment of my children's souls?"

And they answer: "Perhaps in Russia or Mexico, but not in the United States, and certainly not in Massachusetts!"

And she replies: "Right here in these United States I have seen the control of public education fall into the hands of men like Horace Mann of Massachusetts, who while they did much good work, very good work in inculcating a much needed appreciation of education's general value, and much more good work in the diffusion of its advantages to every son and daughter of Columbia's soil, nevertheless, at the same time, were responsible for a sadly mistaken policy, since become national, a policy which declared that because the Christian religion could not apparently at that time be taught to the young without some difficulty from the protests of warring churches, therefore it must be absolutely debarred for all time from the public schools of this nation! No matter how highly that policy may be praised as a practical solution of a delicate problem, or as a clever sidetracking of a bothersome issue in order that a public school system might develop under their control, that was an educational mistake of incalculable dimensions! and it was no solution at all. The solution came later in the action of the Catholic Church. That stand was about equivalent to saying: Because these particular doctors cannot agree upon just what food to give the child, therefore give him none! Starve him to death!"

It is true that this diet of spiritual starvation was prescribed for the youth of this land seventy-five years ago, with expressions of regret that circumstances forced such action; but to the Catholic Church it makes very little difference whether the warm heart of religion be torn out of education through hatred, bigotry,

malice, through disbelief, through indifference to it, lack of appreciation of it *or* with softly worded apologies:—the result is the same in all cases: the heart of education is torn out! Substitute whatsoever you will, pour public moneys into the breach, multiply private benefactions and endowments; you may deceive some thereby, but the discerning will know that the spirit has flown and that no amount of outward display of wealth can bring it back. Gild a casket as you will, it still contains a corpse!

In a recent survey of secular education in the United States, George S. Counts, Professor of Education at Columbia University, an author frequently accused of communistic leanings, devotes the last chapter of his book, *The American Road to Culture,* to a discussion of the tenth distinctive feature, or controlling idea in American education as a whole,: viz., "the Principle of Philosophic Uncertainty." He considers that "Industrialism is now fast destroying the entire system of morals and beliefs of the older generation. Educational leaders," he says, "afraid of social forces, fearful of indoctrination and trustful of experience, refuse to give positive guidance, and so education surrenders to superficiality and to the social drift." He looks for and hopes for a new "conception of life suited to a new civilization."

Such an alleged death-cry of old-time morality, such a supposed swan song of changeless, eternal Truth, has been sounded by many an author besides the one just quoted. It is not unlike a farewell appearance of an artist who returns over and over again. But that any educational system should glory in uncertainty and furthermore that such a principle could ever be taken as distinctly characteristic of American "educational thought *at its best,*" this in itself is only one of ten more or less equally startling facts which a survey of the American road to culture reveals.

And I quote all this only as another instance of education's falling into the hands of men whose viewpoints of life are full of strange, sad, and tragic errors, men who think that Truth is a football that can be kicked or pushed or carried by superior numbers or force from one end of the field to the other, men who believe that an action condemned by God in one age as sin can be white-

washed by changing public opinion, called by another name in another age and thus become good. They have lost completely the idea of objective Truth above and beyond the changing fancies and wishes of men and women. They fail to understand that because a thing or practise may become the fashion of the hour by the will of the majorities, that does not make it Truth.

Truth in its highest form is an objective reality, eternal and unchanging as God. In fact, He is its source, its cause. He is the One who has established it and who declares it.

When Pilate asked Christ: "What is Truth?" our divine Lord did not answer that question. He had answered it a thousand times in the Temple and the streets of Jerusalem, on the hillsides and lake shores of Galilee. For three years He had travelled up and down that country announcing:

"I am the Truth!"

Yes, there are certain principles, certain qualities of God, His existence, His Providence, His mercy, His love, His power, His wisdom, His Incarnation in Jesus Christ, His law with all its multitudinous applications to our lives, all definite, settled, permanent realities, not shadowy, flimsy, unknown, or uncertain, nor changing, shifting doubtful matters of personal opinion or private judgments, but eternally fixed by God and remaining unshaken and unshakeable no matter who may deny them, no matter what majorities may vote them down.

And amidst all this restless change and turmoil of thought, the Catholic Church's system of education holds to that truth and continues in her calm, sure way to teach it to her children, as the "one thing necessary." She is by no means blind or indifferent to the changes going on all around her, but she is certainly not groping in the dark for fleeting shadows of Truth! That is the trouble with her, declare her enemies, she is altogether too sure of herself and of her truth!

Just as God in nature caps the highest mountain peak with a steadfast crown of purest snow, which with the seasons melts

into a hundred streams and becomes a blessed fountain of refreshment to the countries at its feet, so, too, in the history of the Catholic Church, which is the history of the world, the nations of all ages and men of all tongues have drawn their supply of life-giving Truth from her holy reservoir of doctrine, congealed upon the distant heights of time, high above the babel of tongues that is heard in the valley.

And you, my dear graduates, become today in a special sense the trustees of this Truth! In your future lives Holy Mother Church expects rightfully to see her principles vindicated. Your parents, too, their years of sacrifice for you now perhaps over, look forward today to the payment of the debt of gratitude you owe them. But their measurements of return are as spiritual as their sacrifices. They seek from you no material rewards, but only life-long fidelity to the ideals they have instilled into your hearts.

The good Sisters, those noble women whose very lives have been dedicated to the realities which only faith can discern, those saintly teachers who have listened to the gentle, sweet invitation of Christ to exchange the kingdom of this world for the kingdom of heaven, and who have been brave and unselfish enough to undertake the great adventure of losing all that they might find Christ,—may their holy spirit, like another guardian angel, hover over your lives as it has over your education. And may it bring you, with them, after whatever transient glory and success, or, for that matter, equally transient discouragement, disappointment and sorrow that this world may have in store for you,—may their past guidance and future prayers bring you all safely to that secure haven of peace and happiness, the heavenly classrooms of the eternal Emmanuel, where only God is the Teacher!

AN ANTIDOTE FOR PESSIMISM

MARGARET DEVENEY '37

As we con diligently the multitudinous pages of English literature, our imagination is often aroused and held captive by heroes and heroines whose noble and courageous deeds strongly appeal to our responsive emotions. Of these none creates a stronger appeal to the reader than the endless list of heroes and heroines, Catholic in faith, Catholic in thought, and Catholic in deed, that runs in unbroken series from the earliest days of the Christian Church to the present day. In the field of poetry alone we are sure to find joy and satisfaction in the works of our Catholic poets; Chaucer, Southwell, Crashaw, Dryden, Thompson, and last, but not least, Chesterton.

It is indeed a pleasure to read Chesterton's poetry after reading the poetry of Thomas Hardy, A. E. Houseman and some of our other modern poets. We feel a little sad for these poets who had nothing to look forward to—all pessimists with a capital P. However, the only answer one would recommend to the poetry of the Pessimists is the poetry of G. K. Chesterton. Just as the poetry of Hardy, Frost, and Yeats reflects their life and views, so the poetry of G. K. Chesterton reflects his life. He did not write one way and live another; his poetry is his philosophy. Chesterton was a true poet. He did not wish to be classed among the living poets because he knew most of them were only interested in themselves. Chesterton was interested in everything. He brought his power of poetical perception into every field. His poetry concerned God, men, women, children, nature and science.

Although, Chesterton was not, as many of us fortunately were, an inheritor of the blessings and joys of Catholicism; he had an exhaustless knowledge of the Catholic religion. He found in Roman Catholicism the only true system of life that met the requirements

of all. It was not until Chesterton was forty-eight years old that he, "bowed his head," as he tells us in the little poem called, "The Convert." "And the whole world turned over and came upright," Chesterton had sought and found and he could not resist. There was not the least bit of bitterness in his conversion, for all his life he retained a deep love for his friends among the Anglo-Catholics. Chesterton loved the English, and he loved England as much as any patriot loves his native land, nevertheless, he was very indignant at England for the stupid wrong she had done to Ireland.

"They bound me to a broken tree,
with my face toward the South,
And hucksters watched and betted,
when would the great heart break."

Since Chesterton is so sincerely Catholic, it follows rather naturally that his most effective poetry is usually written on religious subjects. He had a deep love for Our Blessed Mother and has written several poems concerning her.

"She has not forgotten to call to her old companions.
To call and crave;
And to hear her calling a man might arise and thunder
On the doors of the grave."

Our Blessed Mother as Queen of the Angels in Heaven has not forgotten us. Chesterton has also written several poems on the various aspects of Our Savior's birth.

"The thatch on the roof was as golden,
Though dusty the straw was and old,
The wind had a peal as of trumpets
Though blowing and barren and cold,
The mother's hair was a glory
Though loosened and torn

For under the eaves in the gloaming
A child was born."

Aristotle says, "the perfection of a poet's art is determined by his use of metaphor, imagery, and symbolism." How often we think of this while reading the poetry of Chesterton. Chesterton's

poetical devices are no mere hackneyed similes or exhausted metaphors; they are all telling and apt. They spring not from the thought but immediately with the thought. His symbolism is the language of his soul and is conceived simultaneously with his every inspiration; his symbolism united with his thought combines to form the essence of his work. "The Kingdom of Heaven" gives us an example of his symbolism.

"Said the Lord God, 'Build a house,
Build it in the gorge of death,
Found it in the throats of hell,
Where the lost sea muttereth
Fires and whirlwind, build it well.' "

Chesterton carries out his symbol through the remainder of the poem to show how we are laying the foundation of our salvation, although we may not realize it. The poem called "A Word" contains many striking symbols and images. This poem shows how Christ, despite the chaos and disorder of everything, has really brought peace to the world.

"Through kingdoms dead and empires damned, through changes without cease,
With earthquake, chaos, born and fed, rose,—and the word was 'Peace.' "

Thus we see Chesterton's power in his use of symbols and images.

Chesterton has written various types of poetry. "The Ballad of the White Horse" is a long narrative poem, while the book called "Wine Water and Song" is filled with humorous short verses. "The Song Against Grocers" is included in this list.

"The Grocer trembles; for his time,
Just like his weight, is short."

There are several others of the same type too numerous to mention. Perhaps the most widely known of Chesterton's poems is "Lepanto." This poem is noted for its regularity of rhythm and for the excellent choice of words. Chesterton was certainly interested in his times and would do all in his power to help remedy or prevent any wrong. One of the most interesting poems of this type is called "Antichrist,

Or The Reunion of Christendom: An Ode" written to Mr. F. E. Smith.

"Are they clinging to their crosses,
F. E. Smith,
Where the Breton boat-fleet tosses,
Are they, Smith?"

* * *

"Talk about the pews and steeples
And the cash that goes therewith!
But the souls of Christian peoples—
Chuck it, Smith!"

Many writers owe their greatness to one or maybe two or three excellent works while their other writings are but mediocre, but this is not the case with Chesterton. Every one of his numerous works is close to perfection. His essays are remarkable specimens of exposition and argumentation; his novels are delightful and interesting and his poetry is sublime and beautiful. Not only was Chesterton great as a writer but as a philosopher as well. He was a searcher for the truth and when he found it he clung to it. He followed fearlessly and unerringly the convictions to which his thinking led him. Not only will Chesterton's fame as a writer and a philosopher live forever but in addition the memory of his zeal for the welfare of the Church will never fail to kindle a warm spot in the hearts of Catholics. O happy day for the Catholic Church, when Chesterton joined her ranks. For here was one who would vanquish bigotry and place before the English people the truth, which prejudice and superstition had so long hidden from them. He died mourned by the whole of England and in fact the whole world. We say die, but this does not refer to his spirit; that will never die.

Chesterton was a great man who achieved his greatness by working for his fellow men. When truth needed a defender, he was at hand; when justice was lacking he fought for justice; and wherever suffering showed itself he was there to alleviate it. Chesterton died as he lived, first for God and next for his fellow men. Is there any reason why we should not suggest the reading of Chesterton's poetry in answer to the poetry of so many of the Pessimists of the day?

BELLOC

KATHERINE DEVANE '37

THE modern phase of the Catholic Literary Revival has developed a spirit which is the synthesis of medieval life, with the symbolism of its cathedrals, the robust nobility of its moral code, and the success of its popular society. Of all modern writers, Belloc has caught the challenge of these ages, for he goes into battle gayly against this paganistic age; he believes that the old realities can be again a reasonable ideal, and above all he has faith in God.

Unlike modern historians, Belloc looks upon the past not as a record but as a reality, as something of actual life which the peoples of the world have actually lived. His work generally assumes a critical attitude and at best it is not constructive history at all, but inspection of erroneous opinions, an inspection made sharply and very often accompanied with a stern reprimand. With him there is no compromise, for he has always the keen, logical French mind. The philosophy exemplified in all his histories is a strong, confident grasp of the Catholic idea of civilization. The Catholic Church, a compact organization, preserved the culture of Rome through its day of decadence. This Church also undertook the reformation of Europe by insisting strongly on religion and democracy, and succeeded better than any other agency in history at the attempt to unify the Western world. That essential unity has been broken up by the Reformation and in its wake numerous evils have followed. The obvious thing to do is to return to the older Faith and to the older social order. Such a return to medieval social practice cannot, Belloc is convinced, be wrought by any kind of legislation, but must be the result of a new state of mind, the will to freedom of a spiritualized, a Catholic democracy. In teaching the lessons of the past, Belloc, like Chesterton, is consistently a warring defender of Catholic ideas.

The style of Belloc is individual. To a great versatility is added a style that is his own, which combines humor and clearness with strict logic. Invariably he begins by stating a thesis which in these days is sure to be questionable. He champions an ideal because it is true; he opens fire where Newman would be conciliatory. Nothing drifts into the realm of theory, but is tied to time and space. His argument is constructed to win, and there is never a pretense at concession. Belloc is not a master of style like Chesterton. He is too rational, too devoid of emotion, in his synthesis of emotions and movements. *The Path to Rome,* however, shows him to be a stylist. It is a perfect travel record, set down with a deep insight and sympathy, and shows him to be an unusual voyager. The style has taste and vigor, and above all, reasonableness. It shows that Belloc's arguments are never adorned with smiles for his enemy, but are militaristic.

In all his work is laid the deep and permanent soil of Catholic tradition, and in *Europe and the Faith* he adopts the proposition that the soul of European civilization, the inner power which has purposefully shaped it and given it unity, is the Catholic Faith, and that a return to this Faith is the only possible escape from social ruin. This book exhibits clarity, logical power and good style. The latter is simple and direct, but the most interesting trait is the manner in which the distant past is made real by simple pictures of the daily life of the time.

Although some do not class him as such, Belloc is a poet. In *Verses* he has published stanzas which are masculine in form and spirit and which show him rather jovial and natural. The note is usually satirical, with a stanza or two of wisdom, tender, but not romantic.

His essays are particularly stimulating and Belloc, the essayist, is a universal figure. Perhaps this is due to the fact that no literary form is better suited to the natural gifts of Belloc. Very interesting are those collected essays, *On Everything, On Nothing, First and Last, Hills and the Sea,* and his collection, *Essays of a Catholic.*

The recent lecture, "Spain and the European Situation," given by Mr. Belloc, served to bring home many of his traits. First and

foremost is his logic. He clearly points out that the present situation in Spain is due to three fundamental conflicts going on in Europe and even in America: the conflict between Capital and Labor, the conflict of the Nationalities, and the conflict between believers in organized religion and those of disorganized groups, in other words, the conflict between Paganism and Catholicism. Many believe that the present situation in Spain is due to Communistic propaganda, but Belloc points out that while this is a contributing factor, it is not the underlying factor, for in Spain are these three fundamental conflicts accentuated to a higher degree than any other country, so that the time was just ripe to set the match to the fire. Another trait brought out is his humor. Although an Englishman he makes no discrimination or allowances for the present British attitude toward Spain. His address was delivered in simple, understandable language, and his logic deserves much praise.

Belloc has aroused Catholics to a deeper love of their religion and the world's debt to the Catholic Church. He has done and is still doing more than any Englishman to uphold steadfastly the social principles of Christendom and to restore these to a position of public importance.

MADONNA

BARBARA GILL '38

Madonna:

You never tire
Of looking down
Upon your Infant Son;
Head, ringlet crowned,
Eyes, shining crystal clear;
There He lies,
The Child of promise,
The Child most loved.

Madonna:

Do you see
As steadfastly you gaze,
A Head, thorn-crowned,
Eyes dull, blood-rimmed,
Cheeks, pain-flushed;
There He writhes,
The Man of destiny,
The Man most scorned?

Madonna:

Perhaps you muse upon the day
When you shall see
A Head, jewel-crowned,
Eyes aglow with love,
Cheeks, flame-touched.
There He bides,
The King of glory,
The King most adored.

COMMENCEMENT

MARY MILLER '37

Commencement ceremonies as we have them today are the result of the development of custom throughout many centuries. And yet the basic purpose or formality of the exercises, the conferring of the degrees, has remained the same since the institution of degrees about 1207. Commencement in the Middle Ages began simply as a form of initiation into the Masters of Arts Guild. It was the inception of the graduate as a teacher, the degree being conferred by his own master. At Oxford, the occasion originally was known as Commencement, but later it is mentioned as Commemoration. As early as 1587 we find reference to a Commencement at Cambridge University, and it was from there that Harvard inherited the ceremony and the use of the term.

The first Harvard Commencements were held in July or August, but the present custom of having the exercises in June dates from 1869. The customs and ceremonies of Commencement and the conferring of degrees as adopted by Harvard have been accepted quite generally by American colleges, with however many variations.

At some colleges the ceremonies are conducted in the Chapel; at others in the Auditorium, and at some they take place in the open when weather permits. Many colleges confer degrees collectively because of the great numbers of candidates, and diplomas are distributed later. But at some it is possible to confer each degree individually. Almost all have accepted the traditional academic gown and mortar-board cap. A few of the more recently established colleges have followed the tempo of the age and have shortened their exercises considerably. Others have discarded the customary Commencement and Baccalaureate speeches and have substituted a short address by a faculty member or college president. But at many of the colleges, tradition only is the guiding

rule with regard to Commencement and the beauty and formality as developed through the centuries have been kept intact.

At Brown University, customs as observed in Colonial days still dominate the graduation ceremonies. At the College of St. Catherine even the music for the procession, Elgar's "Pomp and Circumstance" has become traditional. Emmanuel College has adopted the customary ceremonies of Degree Day, and still observes the twice-honored tradition of having an outside speaker deliver the Commencement Address. Her procession follows the usual order, but Seniors wear Hoods to the auditorium as well as Cap and Gown, having received the Hood on Baccalaureate Sunday. The Master of Ceremonies acknowledges gifts to the College, reads the current statistics, and the requirements for the degree, with the English and Latin translations of its contents. The Commencement Address brings the ceremonies to a close.

Several colleges still observe the traditional Class Day. At Princeton the Seniors assemble and the Class Orator delivers the address followed by Ivy Exercises. Emmanuel's Class Day is observed by special very colorful exercises in the auditorium, followed by delivery of the Class Oration outside and the Tree Planting.

On the Saturday before Commencement at Emmanuel, the Senior play is presented, and the seniors are entertained at a Banquet by the Alumnae in the evening. Commencement Week is fittingly opened with a solemn High Mass in the College Chapel on Baccalaureate Sunday. Tuesday is observed as Musical Day with Musical Society in charge. Wednesday is given over to Class Day exercises. The Senior Promenade is on the evening of Degree Day. Thursday is the traditional day for the formal Commencement ceremonies.

Commencement customs lend something to the atmosphere of College which would be sorely lacking were they to be discontinued. But at least in the older colleges and universities and in many of the conservative, newer ones, Commencement will be observed, as always with all its pomp and ceremony.

NEED OF THE WORLD OF MEN

HARRIET L. CARRITTE '38

January 30

I AM so happy! I never believed that this could really happen. It seems almost foolish to attempt to write it down—mere words are so useless when one wants to describe an emotion. It is much better to leave it unsaid, but I can't, quite. We've been married for two weeks now and I still can't believe it. It seems like yesterday. Two weeks—with Paul. I did not—could not, I think—know that such happiness existed.

But here I am again letting my emotions run away with me. If Paul could see this he would tell me that I should never be writing it. Sometimes Paul don't—oh, that ghastly mistake again. Of course, I mean "doesn't." Paul never says anything when I make a slip like that, but I know that it bothers him, so I'm going to try just as hard as I possibly can to overcome it. I love Paul so—I'd do anything in the world to make sure that he will always love me. I am so happy.

February 24

I really meant to write in my diary two or three times a week, but I never seem to get a chance. It's nearly a month since that last entry. I have just been reading it and I can't decide whether I should tear it out or not. I think I'd better. It don't —doesn't—seem quite well-bred to reveal my thoughts that way. No, I don't care. I'm going to leave it there. I'm not ashamed of it.

We had such a grand time yesterday and Saturday. Paul's boss gave him Saturday off and we went up to New Hampshire for the week-end. We skated and skiied (that is, Paul skiied and I tried to) and it was just perfect. I told Paul that if he kept on learning to be a doctor he wouldn't be able to take days off

like that and he ruffled my hair and said you bet he wouldn't and who'd ever said he wanted to be a doctor anyway. He'd much rather be a bookkeeper. I was so glad he said that.

April 16

This is getting worse and worse. But it really hasn't been my fault. The painters have been here and everything has been messed up, and, well, I guess I'm just lazy. But today is our anniversary. We've been married just three months today and we're going to celebrate tonight, so there's no dinner to get and I have the afternoon free. I have to alter a dress that I bought this morning. I didn't think that I should buy it, because after all, Paul's salary isn't so big, but he said to go ahead, so—I did. And it *is* beautiful. I know he'll love it. He says I look wonderful in black, so of course that's what I bought. Oh, I can hardly wait. Just five hours from now we'll be in that grand restaurant—and Paul will be telling me I look beautiful, and—oh, I wish that clock would *hurry!*

April 17

It's raining—a nasty, drizzly, horrible day. And that's just the way I feel. It must be the effect of the weather. Or maybe it's the outcome of our celebration. Celebration! I could almost laugh. That is, if I didn't feel so much like crying. It started off beautifully—but oh, the way it finished up. Paul liked my dress, and told me so, and dinner had been served us and I was absolutely in high when a friend of Paul's came in and spied us. Well, of course he marched right over to our table and sat down and for the rest of the evening I might as well not have been there. Those two men sat there and talked all evening. Yes, all evening! It was eleven o'clock when Paul suddenly came to and remembered that we had been going some place to dance and by that time I didn't want to go anywhere. So we went home. It seems that this fellow was a pal of Paul's in med-school. He's serving his interneship now (Paul had only one more year, when he left to get married) and they talked and talked and talked about the men they knew, and the hospital, and cases. Cases! I hate the very word, and I hope that I never have to see the inside of a hospital not in all my life.

But the worst part was coming home. I was cross and I suppose I did say some pretty mean things, but Paul was so queer. He didn't say much, just looked at me as if he didn't quite hear me, and sort of—well, sort of—well, as if he were trying to understand something that was bothering him very much. He left this morning before I woke so I don't know how he felt. I haven't done a thing all day but sit down and cry at intervals. Why, this is the first time such a thing has ever happened to Paul and me!

April 18

Everything's all right again! Paul came home and brought me some flowers and we went out to finish our celebration. He said he was sorry—that it was all his fault. Wasn't I silly to worry?

July 25

I really think I had better give this diary up for a while. There's no sense in writing in it if I don't do it regularly. And it's been so hot. Paul says I look tired. For that matter, we both need a vacation, but that's out of the question. We simply can't afford it. Paul said the other day that if he had finished medical school we'd at least have a secure future. "As it is," he says, "what is there beyond what we have now?" And I just snapped at him. I'm ashamed of it now, but I haven't apologized to him, even though I know perfectly well I should. It's this wretched heat. We're getting on each other's nerves because of it.

But anyway, this the last I'm going to write for a while. Maybe someday, months from now, I'll make a lot of good resolutions—and keep them.

January 17

I'm writing again. Not because I've made those good resolutions which I see spoken of so lightly in the lines just above these, but because I'm cross and tired and it occurred to me that writing of my "mad" might make me feel better. But what I feel—it's more than just being angry. I'm hurt—and unutterably frightened. It's the awfullest feeling. Yesterday was our anniversary, and Paul didn't come home at all! I had the loveliest dinner prepared and at quarter to seven he called up to say that he had

met "a bunch of the fellows" and he wouldn't be home. And I spent our first wedding anniversary alone, trying to read a magazine that has always bored me to tears. About ten-thirty I finally went to bed. Paul came in at two, *drunk!* Well, I told him a few things then that he won't forget for a while. He got angry, too, and said I was screaming at him like a fishwife and would I please be quiet. Then he muttered something in an ugly voice about "repenting at leisure." I was too angry then myself to pay much attention, but this morning those awful words of his came back to me. I am terribly, terribly frightened. My anger is gone now—but what is going to happen? Is Paul tired of me? Or—I'm almost afraid to put it into words—does he regret what he gave up for me? Oh, God—please—please—don't let that happen! I love him so. I couldn't live without Paul. Oh, *why* didn't I insist that he finish medical school? I would have—I'm not that selfish, but he said he didn't want to. He said he didn't want to! And I was so madly in love with him that I believed him, because that was just what suited me. And now—oh—!

January 24

Our quarrel is over. Or rather, it has stopped. We are very unconcerned about the whole thing, and very polite to each other. But something is wrong. I can't describe it—it isn't anything you can put your finger on. Paul is different. He's moody—he'll sit sometimes for hours sunk in a chair not saying anything, just staring into space. And I don't know what to do! If we could only talk things over without quarreling? I'm going to be just as good as I possibly can. Maybe after a while he'll become the old Paul—my Paul—

March 3

He has. He has become suddenly, incomprehensibly, once more the man I married. He isn't sullen any more, he is just as gay as he can be. And he loves me! We're having fun together, just as we did when we were first married. But somehow, I wish we had talked things over—what was bothering him—I mean. It isn't good—this is rather clumsily expressed, but it's hard to find just the right words—I have a feeling that it isn't good to leave things like that—almost as if it were a wound, fes-

tering, where no one can see it. But why must I be so serious? Paul loves me!

November 10

It's been so long since I've written anything. But I've been so happy I—well, I just haven't. I'm waiting now for Paul to come in to dinner. It's all ready and I've nothing else to do. It's a good dinner, too. I'm really developing into an excellent cook, and Paul appreciates it. But he's tired this week. At least I think he is—he hasn't said much. It's probably something at the office. Men worry about those things. Oh, here he is now.

November 17

Paul came home. And he is gone again. I don't know why I am writing this. I am trembling so I can hardly hold the pen. But I am not crying—I have no more tears left. Paul has left me. He told me why in a perfectly cold, dispassionate voice. He couldn't stand it any longer, he said. Paul loved me, but a woman cannot give a man everything he needs in life. He must have friends, and the work he loves. When a man chooses a woman before everything he loves in life, that love cannot last forever. But why must I suffer so? I am not entirely to blame. But my life is over. I feel as though part of me had died. It's over—our love—Paul's and mine. He's gone—Paul—gone—. Oh, my God—please help me—please—please!

TO EVE! FROM ADAM

CLAIRE STANTON '40

Death comes gently to a woman
Who wears a graven, tired face;
Death sits lightly on her shoulder
With ease and an accustomed grace;

Death is life
And love
And resting place.

Dawn comes! You go! Slow and silent,
To where sweet peace will you enfold,
Night will come no more for you, Eve,
But life and love to have and hold,

I am sad,
Lonely,
And, ah, yes! old.

HIGH TOR

MARGARET CAHILL '38

High Tor rears its fluted face,
Scorning the squalid red-roofed town
Crouched at its feet.
Long has it stood
Defying wind and storm,
Lonely King of the Palisades.
Eastward on the blue horizon
Gleams the steel of man-made forests
On Manhattan's once green island.
Crowded ferries, heavy barges,
Pleasure boats and swift destroyers
Pass, where war canoes once glided.
High Tor saw the white man come,
Saw the Indian disappear
From the river and the mountains.
High Tor stands a monarch still,
Stands inscrutable, impassive,
Guardian of the mighty river,
Stands the Storm King of the mountains.

THE WEDDING

ANNE M. O'BRIEN '38

"Sarah Ann isn't looking her best these days, do you think, Jane?"

"Considering the circumstances, very calm, I'd say. How would you feel if you'd been jilted at the altar? Not to mention the money that was spent in preparation. And Sam Brewster of all people. Quiet, friendly but reserved, and seemingly the perfect adorer. I can't fathom it."

"What's your answer, Stubby? You're good at brain-teasers, and you and Sam were room-mates at Cadell—what's he like really?" quizzed Jane and Tilly in unison.

"Well, scandal-mongers, I'm afraid my riddle-solving mind is quite blank on this problem but I do know that—Oh, hello Sarah Ann. Where've you been lately? The water is perfect. Come on! I'll race you."

As the two flying figures raced off to the foaming surf, another member of the group stared accusingly at Jane and Tilly.

"Well, lawyers, I hope you're satisfied."

"What do you mean, Jay?"

"You two must be the dumbest females alive, or just smart, but have you ever heard the tale of the little fellow who loved a little girl? They grew up together, played jack stones, fought and attained the age of maturity. The boy loved the girl and thought she loved him but one day the big bad wolf came to her door — entered and the girl thought he was her sheep. They became engaged and were about to be married but the wolf decided to leave before the noose tightened around his neck. The hero in this fairy tale is Stubby and if you grasp facts easily you can supply the other characters with names. Or didn't you know that story?"

"Why, Jay, you're nuts. Of course, I knew Stubby always liked Sarah Ann, but it wasn't one of these heroine worship ideas. Whatever gave you that idea?" demanded Tilly.

Two dots in the distance came nearer to the shore, and with laughter and shouts Stubby and Sarah Ann streaked their way to the group who lay sprawled under vari-colored umbrellas.

As the sun began to leave its high and mighty throne and allow itself to be deposed, the throngs at the beach gradually began to disappear.

"Ride home, Sarah Ann?" offered Stubby.

They all crowded into Stubby's high-powered machine and he dropped them one by one at their respective homes.

"Sarah Ann, would you like to go to the dance at the Club tonight?"

Receiving no verbal reply, he glanced surreptitiously at her, and was both amazed and embarrassed to discover her quietly weeping. Did she feel so badly? She had seemed so gay and carefree all day, and now this. What did a fellow do? Awkwardly he patted her shoulder, but the muffled sobbing only grew louder and steadier. Finally it stopped as they reached her door. She climbed out of the car and murmured,

"Thanks, Stub, sorry to be such a fool. Call me later." With a forced smile she sauntered into the house.

"Is that you, Sarah Ann?" inquired a querulous voice. "Where have you been all afternoon? You know I'm not feeling well and yet you deliberately walk off and leave me. Disgracing the family isn't enough for you, but you go off and leave me to face our friends and make excuses. And what excuse can I make? What can be said? Nothing—." her voice trailed on and on endlessly, pitched high with emotion.

"I didn't realize you weren't well, Mother. Forgive me. Is there anything I can do for you now?"

Had Mrs. Wellington been a psychologist she would have recognized a poignant cry of a breaking heart, but being a neu-

rotic excitable woman who thought only of herself, she took no heed of her daughter's plight.

"There's nothing to be done. Go down and tell Lena to serve dinner at seven. We'll have to let Hilda leave next week. So much money was spent for your wedding farce that your poor father and I are made to suffer. Leave, please, and close the door gently. You know my head aches unbearably."

Safe in her room at last, Sarah Ann threw herself upon the bed with utter abandon and sobbed unceasingly for an hour. Why had Sam done such a thing? How could he? And never a word. Life was unbearable. It was a burden. She was a burden. Her mother hated her and her father probably did too. She shuddered and saw again the headlines of the late editions. Could she ever forget them?

"Society Beauty Jilted!"
"Miss Sarah Ann Wellington left at the altar!"

Over and over again the pictures and lines flashed through her mind. They became distorted and blurred and enlarged. Her head throbbed; her throat was parched, a burning sensation came like a bolt and struck her between the eyes. She lay upon the bed a white, limp, lifeless figure.

For months, Sarah Ann hovered between life and death, and Stubby walked around the house day after day waiting to hear the daily report of the family physician. However, this was a case which no medicine could cure. Doctor Lang knew that the high-strung woman who was Sarah Ann's mother was no fit nurse in such a situation, but was loth to express his blunt opinion. If he could only find something or someone who would prove to be an interesting diversion to the melancholy that the girl had fallen into, his problem would be entirely solved, but no matter how hard he tried to obtain some information he was always foiled by her mother.

Meanwhile, what was Sarah Ann thinking as she lay there day after day? Ever since that horrible day when she came home from the beach with Stub, her mind had been utter chaos and turmoil. Her thoughts had given her no rest or peace, and small trifles be-

came mountains in her mind's eye. Thinking back on that day, she stopped a minute. Her turbulent soul ceased its seemingly never-ending circle and before her was the image of the boy she had always loved without realizing it. Was it too late? Oh, no! It couldn't be, and with a cry of joy she called out one word, but that was sufficient for the sentinel, who guarded her door.

MARY

CLAIRE E. BUSBY '37

Thy gifted soul—a gilded fane all fair,
With pinnacles uplifted high in air,
In transcendental beauty of design
Was sketched by Hand of Artisan Divine,
And builded worthy of the Kingly guest,
Who deigned beneath its sacred roof to rest.

THE RAIN

GERTRUDE COAKLEY '38

The rain
Her chilly finger tips
Has placed upon my lips.

A twig
In icy, silver case
Has struck across my face.

A mist
From leaden, weeping skies
Lies thick before my eyes.

And death
Through rain, through mist, I fear
Has crept too near, too near.

MIND OVER MATTER

MARGARET CAHILL '38

BETTY sat up on the bed. With tear-swollen eyes she regarded the crumpled newspaper beside her. The headlines seemed to jeer at her.

"Winfield Tennis Tournament Starts Next Week

Interest Centers on Women's Matches

Jeanette Blanchard to Seek Title Again"

Yes, thought Betty glumly, and every one is probably betting she'll win it, too! And why not? I've never beaten her yet!

Betty plunged into an orgy of misery and self-pity. What a rotten break! Just when she was making a comeback—to have to meet Jeanette in a tournament! Jeanette, the stumbling block of her career—the one barrier she had never been able to hurdle. It had all started in High School. Both she and Jeanette were excellent players and they had both made the tennis team as sophomores. Jeanette had been selected captain of the team their junior year, and Miss Crosby, the coach, had wanted her to be captain the following year, but the girls had elected Betty. It hadn't mattered much, she reflected, who was captain—Jeanette was the star.

They were as unlike then as now. Jeanette, strikingly dark and attractive, with unusual poise and a magnetic personality, outshone the rest of the team. Steady as a rock during a match—but erratic and unreliable off the courts. Betty was tall and blonde, nervous and restrained, but always steady and dependable.

She had always felt gauche and ill at ease with Jeanette—and her game had suffered. She knew she played a better game than Jeanette—but Jeanette always beat her. She could feel her own

control slipping when she faced Jeanette's indomitable coolness. She might win a few games or a set—but Jeanette always won the match. Every time Jeanette beat her, her pessimism deepened. She felt that no matter what she did or how well she played—she simply couldn't win!

The last time they had played—nearly two years ago,—her face grew hot at the memory,—she had lost control of herself completely. That had been in the 1935 tournament. Her father had been disgusted with her.

"Anyone," he roared, "that can't control her temper shouldn't play tennis."

Betty had agreed with him. She had not touched a racket until this summer. She had started again at Charlie's insistence. He liked to have her play with him. It was his idea, too, that she enter the tournament. She had never imagined that Jeanette would play! Jeanette had been working for over a year—and, furthermore, she had joined a private tennis club. The thought of playing Jeanette made her cold all over. What could she do? She might withdraw—no, she couldn't do that!

Her eyes shone determinedly. She'd play! Yes—and she'd win, too, if it was the last thing she ever did! She'd conquer this defeatist complex once and for all.

Betty hopped off the bed and danced around the room. She felt as if she had been relieved of a great weight. She bathed her eyes and dressed, humming quietly. She ran down stairs.

"Dad, come on out and have a game with me."

"What's all the excitement about?" Her Adonis was comfortably reposing in his favorite chair.

"The tournament starts next week, Dad, and I've got to get in trim for it."

"All right, Sis," he replied, getting up. "It looks as if you mean business this time."

Betty was already half-way out of the house.

"I do," she responded, swinging her racket vigorously.

The tournament started, as per schedule. Betty sailed through the first rounds with no difficulty. She and Jeanette had been carefully placed in different divisions. Jeanette had already played and won her semi-final match before Betty played Kay Hart. She had a little difficulty there. Kay was a stocky, independent girl, determined to get a crack at the coveted title herself. When Betty won out and realized that she was actually matched against Jeanette once more, she could feel that insidious sense of inferiority creeping up on her.

To combat the feeling she practised furiously in the short time before the match. She tried to banish from her mind all the bitter memories of past defeats. But she woke up one night in a cold sweat after dreaming that Jeanette had whitewashed her in two straight sets while the entire town watched and applauded.

Finally the day came. The match was in the cool of the afternoon. At least it was supposed to be cool. But at four o'clock the thermometer still hovered at eighty-five degrees. The air was sultry and close. Betty had wandered around all day like a lost soul. At last she went upstairs. She dressed carefully, with trembling fingers. Her white shorts. A blue silk shirt—she looked her best in blue. She jumped as she glanced in the mirror. Her face was chalk white, her eyes wide and dark. Heavens—she could haunt a house easily. She never used powder when she was playing—it always got patchy and horrid, but she smoothed a little color on her cheeks and applied her lipstick with care. Her father was calling from below.

"All right, Dad, I'm coming." She stepped back for a last look. Well, she was off to the wars. Head high, she marched out of the room.

When she arrived at the courts there was already a large crowd overflowing the benches and standing outside the fence. The courts

were hard and dusty from the heat. Jeanette appeared almost immediately and they rallied on the center court. Betty wished she had worn a skirt so no one could see how her knees were shaking. She gritted her teeth. She mustn't lose her nerve now! Jeanette looked as cool and confident as ever.

They were ready now. Jeanette had won the serve. She tossed the extra balls aside and walked to the service line. Betty waited breathlessly, poised on her toes. The crowd leaned forward, there was one split second when the ball hung suspended in air. Then the match was on!

Betty fought and smashed her way through; she never relinquished her lead. She came off the court sweat-soaked but happy. Her father hugged her jubilantly.

"Nice work, Betty! Keep it up and you'll walk away with the match."

But Jeanette had recovered from her surprise and came back in a fighting mood. The pace quickened. The games mounted; 1-all; 2-1; 2-all; till they stood at four all. Betty was nervous now. She was playing her shots hurriedly and making frequent errors. Jeanette was cool and unruffled, taking her time and placing her shots with a deadly precision that made Betty's heart sink. She mustn't get rattled now. But she did. Jeanette had a devastating serve and with the set score 5-4, she smashed over four cannon-like shots to take the second set.

Betty came off the court trembling. Another minute and she would have screamed. She walked over slowly to get a drink. She couldn't bear to face her father. Charlie followed her, his face anxious.

"What's the matter, Betty? What happened to you that last set?"

Betty's face was drawn and white. Little beads of sweat stood out on her forehead.

"Charlie, I can't stand it! She gets me somehow—just as she always did before. She makes me crack!"

"Listen, Betty, cut that out! You're a better player than she is and you know it. And every one else knows it, too. She's not beating you, you're beating yourself! You're letting your imagination run wild. Just forget you ever played her before. Pretend you don't know her—never saw her before. You can beat her—now go on out and do it."

Charlie shoved her racket into her hand and pushed her onto the court. With his words still ringing in her ears, Betty started to play. Before she realized it, she was leading Jeanette. Suddenly she was no longer afraid. She regarded Jeanette dispassionately. What had she to be afraid of? Nothing. She forgot how hot and tired she was, how heavy her arm seemed, how her head buzzed. She threw herself into her game. The crowd was with her. They roared in delight when she broke through Jeanette's invulnerable service. Thrilled with a new sense of power she played magnificently. Jeanette battled bravely but she could not stand up under the terrific barrage of shots. She knew her hour had come but she fought grimly. Betty felt a sudden thrill of liking for Jeanette. As they shook hands at the net, they both smiled sincerely. The ex-champion congratulated the new champion.

Betty had her come-back!

IT CANNOT BE

MARY DYNAN '37

Why is it so?
I do not know.
You come and go
Yet I can see
That you love me;
Something which
Just should not be;
Yes, you are true—
But as for you
Chances are few.

INTERVEWING THE POETS

ROBERT FROST

LUCY VERZA '37

On Saturday, April 24, Robert Frost lectured at the Boston University School of Education. After the lecture Mr. Frost kindly consented to an interview.

When asked what he thought of the present poetic movement, which so many characterize as decadent, Mr. Frost said, "I feel poetry will always live." He compared poetic movements to the notes from a violin string, "some notes are strong, others dimmer." Mr. Frost said that he has been called sympathetic with the modern trend. Quite sincerely this great poet said, "Perhaps this present period can be referred to as a dimmer note, I don't know." He felt that "within a hundred years" its true value would be revealed. Mr. Frost said, "I don't know if this is a bad time in either poetry or politics. It might even be good."

In reference to Pattee's criticism of the present movement, which he speaks of as a "debacle," Mr. Frost laughed quietly and said, "I wonder if he includes me in the debacle." Mr. Frost then digressed for a moment to speak of Pattee, describing him as "a fine old man, a well-preserved man."

From Mr. Frost's mention of Edwin Arlington Robinson, Amy Lowell, and Carl Sandburg, it would seem that he feels they uphold the movement sufficiently. Of the later followers of the movement Mr. Frost spoke highly of Archibald MacLeish. "MacLeish is highly talked of and is a great influence on poets and young people." In mentioning those who aspire to a poetic career, Mr. Frost said that to him poetry is a progressive thing and the source of its continual life is to come from the unknown poets of the future.

The next question was in reference to Robert Frost's stay in England at the beginning of his career as a poet. Did Mr. Frost feel that because of his visit to England he received greater inspiration? Did he feel that England had in any way affected his poetry?

"No. All of my poetry comes from this region," said Mr. Frost with a wide sweep of his arms. "Yet, they were very kind to me in England. You know, they were the first to help my career."

Finally, I told Mr. Frost that many of the Emmanuel girls were most desirous to know whether he writes from flash inspiration or by labored effort. Mr. Frost replied that he was not sure. I paused for a moment then plunged on, quoting Amy Lowell, who says, "Robert Frost writes like a man under a spell, as if he were the mouthpiece of something beyond himself." I then asked Mr. Frost if he really felt this way. Mr. Frost said, "I guess every poet is like that," and then laughing softly he pulled his eyelid over his eye.

Becoming very serious again, Mr. Frost said, "A certain time is very important to me. I need a certain time, place, and state, or mood," he said enumerating these vital qualifications. Mr. Frost said further, "Theme has nothing to do with inspiring poetry." He explained by showing that it would be impossible to write a thesis unless one had the theme in mind, whereas poetry can be inspired and written independently.

CONRAD AIKEN

RUTH GRANDISON '37

Conrad Aiken is a most delightful person, and although he does not look like a poet he has the heart of one. At first he was shy and constrained, but after a little while he lost his self-consciousness and spoke more freely.

We were talking in a lovely old room with a low ceiling and windows that opened out into a garden. The room was cool in contrast to the unexpected heat of the outside world; the furnishings were simple but tasteful, and the whole atmosphere was rest-

ful. When I remarked that the surroundings seemed to be ideal for writing, Mr. Aiken told me that his study in England was even more inspiring, its only fault being that it was almost impossible to heat.

Mr. Aiken is a very big man, at least he seemed so to me, with beautiful hands that are perfectly proportioned and have a look of strength about them, as though he were a sculptor rather than a poet. His complexion is light, but his eyes are dark, and on the rare occasions that he forgets his shyness and laughs, his face lights up and he looks almost boyish.

He told me of his three children who are in England. John, the eldest, he educated to be a scientist because he thought that the life of a poet was too hazardous, but John himself is now a poet; and his father modestly declares that his poetry is better than his own. His son has already become a British subject, and did not follow the tradition of his forefathers by attending Harvard. He preferred, much to his father's disappointment, to go to school in England. His elder daughter, who is a student at Oxford, also writes, and even the little girl follows in her father's footsteps. He himself said that she has written some lovely things. She wrote her first poem when she was only five. Mr. Aiken is very anxious to have his children come to this country, and he hopes that eventually they will join him here. He intends to remain a year and possibly longer.

Half-jestingly he introduced an idea that I think is a novel one and at the same time very good. He said that he thought it would be a good method to teach second-rate poetry in the schools so that the really fine poetry would not be ruined by dissection but could be enjoyed by each individual in his own way. He does not believe that poetry should be analyzed piece by piece but rather that it should be taken as a whole. He thinks that it should be read intelligently and not spoken like a piece of elocution. He himself reads in almost a monotone, speaking softly and yet distinctly. His normal speaking voice is very pleasant, and he has just enough of an English accent to be charming. He talks almost as he writes, always selecting the right word, and sometimes making one gasp at the sheer beauty of his expression.

With regard to the unintelligibility of the modern poets, Mr. Aiken said that he did believe that some poets deliberately intended to be unintelligible, that it had become a sort of fad. He considered that these men were in a minority and that they were not real poets. He went on to say that for the most part poets were unintelligible only because their thoughts were so profound that they could not express them more clearly and not because they were trying to be difficult. Then he added that it was quite possible that among themselves poets were better understood because their minds were quite naturally trained in interpretation.

Mr. Aiken spoke very optimistically about the future for young poets. He said that this was the best time to write because we are surrounded by exciting things that are an inspiration to spur us on in writing. Then he added that no young person who was afraid of loneliness should aspire to become a great poet for, as he said, the greater the poet the more lonely he becomes. He is constantly probing within himself and eventually he loses his contact with the things around him.

He feels that the last two books that he has written, *Landscape West of Eden* and *Time in the Rock*, are his best works, for, as he says, there is a little more of himself in them. He considers them better written than his early work and consequently they are his favorites. They are philosophical and psychological in treatment. Mr. Aiken considers poetry as a gift that may come at any time to any man. He said that technique in poetry is something that should be learned in youth and then forgotten; that is, the poet should not be conscious of it when writing.

Although ordinarily Mr. Aiken dislikes publicity, it is because of his overpowering shyness, not from any lack of sociability. In his own home he is a most gracious host and a most amiable person. I was disillusioned to find that he uses a typewriter to compose his work. I had painted a much more romantic picture; but he confessed it really was necessary, as his handwriting is very hard to read. He is not at all erratic but a very normal person, and until he speaks one might think that he was a very successful banker. T. S. Eliot is an intimate friend of his, and at one time

he knew Amy Lowell very well — "professional enemies," as he called them.

Mr. Aiken told me of an interesting experiment that has been tried at Columbia University. Several poets were invited to read their poems, which were recorded as they read. When he started to read his poems the realization that his voice was being recorded made him very nervous and the result was a dismal failure.

Many other delightful, personal touches sprinkled the conversation, but it will suffice to say that Mr. Aiken is a completely delightful person, a person to whom you could talk for hours. Most gracious and most amiable, my visit was truly one of the nicest afternoons I have ever spent.

DANIEL SARGENT

ALICE QUARTZ '37

To obtain an interview from a poet is not so difficult as one might have concluded from the reports given in English 66. The point is to know which poets to interview, for there are poets and poets. Interviewing is really a most interesting and delightful task when one has such a charming and pleasant personality to study as Daniel Sargent, President of the Catholic Poetry Society. Instead of searching out a poet in a crowded section of our fair city, or trying to approach an individual who sought only to escape, it was my privilege to have a friendly visit at the college.

Mr. Sargent divided poetry into two categories—poetry that has for its theme the weaknesses and abuses of man that lead to his destruction, and the poetry that has religion behind it. Romance today is being obliterated by realism. Therefore, non-Catholic authors seem to lack the inspiration for any great poetry, while the Catholic poets always have the inspiration of their religion.

Mr. Sargent does not believe that there are any extraordinary modern Catholic American poets. He quoted Father Feeney as saying in a lecture he was giving in England, after having been in-

troduced as one of America's poets, "There are no poets in America." Mr. Sargent believes that the two Father Feeneys are the best American Catholic poets today. He is also very enthusiastic about the poems of Sister Madaleva. She has the ability to be very frank in her religious works and free from the conventional piety. Her poems express her sincere reactions and reveal a character that faces reality.

Hopkins and Patmore were placed at the top of the list of Catholic poets, and under them, Francis Thompson. He believes that several poets who are not nominal Catholics are aiming towards Catholicity in their philosophy, such as T. S. Eliot. Belloc and Chesterton could not be overlooked. Mr. Sargent waxed poetical when describing Belloc's poetry, and compared its clearness to the cut of the moon. He said it far surpassed any indoor jewel and had a refreshment of the outdoors about it.

When speaking of contemporary non-Catholic poets he stated that he thought Carl Sandburg did not realize his limitations. On the other hand, he felt that Robert Frost was aware of his limitations and writes delightful little verses of the country. He doesn't think that any of today's group of American poets will live. Poetic styles and fads go out of fashion very rapidly. Mr. Sargent spoke very highly of the work of the young poets with whom he has come in contact through the Catholic Poetry Society, through the work submitted to him for contests, and through some college publications he has seen. He is of the opinion that *Spirit,* the magazine of the Catholic Poetry Society, has done much in the way of giving confidence to poets whose work could not otherwise be published.

Daniel Sargent would rather write poetry than prose. He thinks that if he worked over his prose long enough he would turn it into poetry. Poetry is his ideal medium of expression. With such men as Daniel Sargent taking an active interest in poetry, we are confident that Catholic poetry will have the bright and colorful future that he predicts.

ROBERT FROST AS A LECTURER

ANNE CAHILL '37

IN A time when cynicism is prevalent, and pretense is the vogue, it is refreshing to meet a man so simple-hearted as Robert Frost, whose spirit is untouched by city life. When he looks at his audience with his blue eyes, twinkling with laughter, as if he enjoyed some delicious secret that he could share with no one, his hearers become aware of his keen joy in just living, and his genuine sympathy for human nature.

Although he is concise in his poetry, he spares no words during a conversation, and if time permitted, would give unstintedly of his views. When questioned by reporters as to whether poets were to be forced to write propaganda, he slyly asked them whether the pressure was to come from without or within. But then, continuing in a serious vein, he declared that if he had his choice between creating art for art's sake, and art for the state's sake, he would choose the latter. He claimed he was sensitive about the United States, and said: "I like to think that native poetry can be trusted to be good for the state, family, and institutions." And mentioning Germany, he maintained that the Germans have lost their faith, and German poetry cannot be trusted by itself as can the poetry of the United States.

As sensitive as he is about the United States, he is still more sensitive as regards his private life. He does not want to be known as a Pacifist, a Socialist, or, in short, any *ist*, and above all he does not want the privacy of his life invaded.

During his youth, the propaganda of Darwin was dominant, and his companions were so filled with Darwinian principles that they regarded the proverb, "the survival of the fittest," as a religion. Evolution swept churches and schools, and resulted in the suicide

of many young people because of the cruelty of nature. Frost's mother, a religious woman, became worried about her son's companionship with the disciples of Karl Marx, but he was in no danger, because after debating his friends' arguments in his own logical manner, he refused to believe them. The idea of "every man for himself" is a strong cult today, and it is the opposite of the old family idea contained in one of Frost's poems, *The Death of the Hired Man,* in which he says:

"Home is the place where, when you have to go there,

They have to take you in."

Robert Frost read some of his poems, and although he had just recovered from a severe throat ailment, his reading was delightful. After finishing *Mending Wall*, he traced his material, not from farm-life, but from his experience as a school-teacher.

In his own words, the poem has "a mess of sources," and with a sly wink, he declared that if people wish to trace the sources of a poem, they had better wait until the author is dead; for it is foolish to seek the sources, when they are in the spirit.

Then turning again to the poem, he stated his belief in the "elves" of his poetry, which he connected with his Irish friends in Dublin. Here he spoke of his greatest friend, George Russell, known in literature as A. E. When he read *Birches,* which told of an ice-storm, he said that it interests him to see how mixed up it all is. The poem seemed to say, "Remember how we used to have ice-storms?" as though it were a repeated occurrence, when in reality, he has seen very few ice-storms.

Throughout the remainder of his lecture, Frost dwelt upon the absurdity of tracing the sources of poetry. He spoke of questions that people had asked him, and his determined answers. When someone asked him if *Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening* was autobiographical, he answered: "If I wanted you to know, I would have told you in the poem." This answer is typical of Frost, and forms the basis of his statement that he cannot bear anyone to watch him writing; and although he considers "place" the most essential to inspiration, he must be in the right mood, at the right time, and do his writing in secrecy.

CARL SANDBURG AS A LECTURER

MARGARET DEVENEY '37

ALTHOUGH two attempts were made to secure an interview with Mr. Sandburg, we are sorry to say that we were unsuccessful both times. We were very thankful, however, that we were able to do the next best thing, and that is to hear Mr. Sandburg lecture at Boston University on Saturday morning, May the first. Mr. Sandburg was introduced by Professor Getchell of the College who gave a short resumé of his life.

Mr. Sandburg then appeared on the stage. He is a tall, dark complexioned man with snow-white hair. He has a very slow speaking voice and one is able to catch every syllable. He commenced his lecture by telling us how much he disliked to talk in the morning. In the morning every one is alert and alive and it embarrasses him to speak before such a group.

Mr. Sandburg then spoke on the trend called "Creative Writing." For the past decade there has been quite a development in creative writing. Mr. Sandburg believes that there are people who belong to such classes for ten years, and in the end they know less about writing, and less than that about creation. Literature should be sufficiently creative and original so that it will last beyond our own generation and have a high value as well. Some books that are now being widely read will drop out of existence and never be heard of again. This is the case with many of the best sellers. Some of them are important books, books which everyone knows, while others are merely transient works or what one might call tripe. There are, however, several people who want something to read that has a deep, permanent, nourishing value; but more often people consider reading as entertainment not belonging to the fine things of life. It is very curious, but there is really no formula for a best seller.

Mr. Sandburg seems to realize the necessity of good literature —of knowing how and what to read. If he were giving a course in literature he would first teach people "How to Read a Newspaper." Most newspapers have no news in them—they are arranged around whims, temperament, beliefs, and desires of publishers and friends. Publishers should not express their own desires and beliefs except on the editorial page.

Mr. Sandburg then went on to say that we are living in a very difficult age. It is almost impossible to have a personality because the outside factors are more and greater. To have a personality of one's own it is necessary to know how to listen; be able to see better and to hear better in order to combat the competition of the outside world. In every educational institution today they feel keenly this competition. We find that Mr. Sandburg is in sympathy with school teachers, as you will note from the following. The teacher spends an hour in class reading *Romeo and Juliet* to the children who, as soon as dismissed, rush to see Clark Gable or Mae West at the local theatre. All the teacher can say is, "What's the use?" because the screen and the radio make an attack on the oldest and most primitive element in our personality. Mr. Sandburg told of an instance where two newspaper writers went to a movie and cried all during the performance —knowing it was trickery—yet they couldn't hold back the tears.

Mr. Sandburg next read a few selections from *The People*. The reviewers called it a long poem; but he really didn't care if they called it a long pamphlet because he had lived long enough to see operations of this thing called taste. Mr. Sandburg then cited an example of taste. Justice Holmes, commenting on Henry James, said, "Fifty years of polite conversation and nothing doing," and another critic replied, "It should have been written on white paper with white ink." The critics agree, however, that Henry James is "one of the supreme creative artists in American literature." Mr. Sandburg, commenting on the statement of Holmes and the critics, replied, "What is one man's lettuce is another's poison ivy," and, "if *The People* ain't poetry, maybe it's history."

The People contains proverbs, some very old and others as recent as the oxygen tent, the C.I.O. and the sit-down strikes. The

following are a few examples: "One hand washes the other; both wash the face"; "Guilty or not guilty, what else have you, Judge?"; "History, a few big names, plus the people"; "Everyone is cleverer than anybody—everybody is cleverer than anybody."

Mr. Sandburg read these proverbs with a far-away look in his eyes, never smiling and always looking toward the audience; but yet not at them. When Mr. Sandburg completed his lecture we received the greatest thrill of all—he played a few selections on his guitar and sang in a low, deep voice. The songs were for the most part in the negro dialect and each had some story connected with it. Most of them were very short, and that is why Mr. Sandburg selected them. Mr. Sandburg also referred to the poetry of Browning and said that some people get a headache from reading Browning; but that one would never get a headache from the short selections he sang and played.

Mr. Sandburg's lecture was very interesting, although we were rather disappointed in the fact that he read so little of his poetry. We would certainly recommend Mr. Sandburg to anyone seeking an hour's entertainment. He is an outstanding character as well as an outstanding poet. We owe at least one thing to Mr. Sandburg and that he did supremely well, better than any other poet—he made us acquainted with our western country, and if for no other reason we admire and respect this individual.

EDITORIAL

MARGARET DEVENEY '37

Another year has rolled by and again it is June. June, the month of Commencement, the greatest yet saddest month of all. Thus, again we find the Seniors of Emmanuel glad, yet sad. Glad because they have successfully completed their four truly happy years of study on the Fenway; sad because they must leave a scene they learned to love. As our minds swiftly skip back in rapid retrospect over the multi-colored panorama painted during our four years under the careful guidance of beloved Alma Mater, we discover that we have molded here at Emmanuel friendships that we feel confident will be of permanent duration. And to all of us, be we Seniors or Freshmen, it will be a source of comfort to realize that, though our paths in after life may diverge, the pleasant bonds of the golden chain of friendship will closely link our spirits. Just as some mighty stream separates and flows through many diverse channels only to reunite its waters finally in a huge ocean, so, too, will flow the stream of our lives in that common friendship which has been engendered among all the daughters of our Alma Mater.

To the Editor and Staff of next year's ETHOS we extend the best of wishes for a successful year. We hope that they may have as much joy in preparing their magazine as we did in preparing ours. But, alas, our pen grows weary and we can do naught but voice the unanimous opinion of the ETHOS Staff in gratefully thanking our Alma Mater for what she has done for us, and in reminding her that our relations with her do not end on degree day; but as a popular melody has put it, *It is not good-bye; but au revoir.*

EDITORIAL

HARRIET L. CARRITTE '38

The Class of 1937 has reached the end of four of the happiest years any group of girls could wish to have. For college years are just that, filled to overflowing with the unchallenged happiness of youth. It is not strange, then, that you are sad. But yet, it is not the end. It is only the beginning. It is your Commencement of living a life that will be far removed from the sheltered, happy monotone of your college days. You are envying us now, I think, for we still possess what you are giving up. Before many months have passed that envy will have gone. In its place will be a trace of pity for us, marking time here, younger than you, ignorant of the things you know. For there will be so many things you will be learning, things which no college could ever teach you. Those things will come with living; and because we know what Emmanuel has given you, we know that they will be good. But you will not forget the life from which you are breaking away. You will keep your friendships, and they will be the link which will bind that old life to the new. And you will be happy in that new life, for you have the background and the capacity for happiness, all of you.

You have done your work at Emmanuel well. We who have been able to work with you know it. And I am speaking of our magazine now, for it is the outstanding testimony of your achievement. We realize that in the student world, a college is judged by its literary publications. The Ethos is our representative, and it is for us to make it worthy. You have done your part and we who are to take your places will not let you down. You will be able to be proud of The Ethos next year. We promise you that, and we want you to remember that our farewell to you is also an "au revoir." We hope that it will never be "goodbye."

NIGHT

GERTRUDE COLLINS '38

Night is a sable curtain
Studded with silver.
From the east
The moon rises,
An orange disc of flame
Moving over a lighted city.

Night is a murky curtain
Hung with fog.
From the sea
Strange phantoms rise,
Smoky ghosts of mist
Blotting out a tired world.

REVIEWS

THE GREAT WALTZ

CATHERINE CUTTLE '37

Spontaneous gasps of delight and of surprise were the rewards that the appreciative audiences gave to the cast of the "GREAT WALTZ". Although this magnificent production has left the city, it is bound to return in due time. It portrays the well known life story of Johann Strauss, Junior; his struggle to gain recognition in the music world against the will of his father, Johann Strauss, Senior. The year 1825 was a great one musically speaking, for in this year was born Johann Strauss, Junior, who was the composer of the beloved Viennese waltz. He introduced into the waltz life, verve, joy, and all the emotions that the human heart experiences. His predecessors, even his father, had based the waltz on a mathematical precision that was not in keeping with the nature of the dance.

In the operetta, Johann Strauss, as a music teacher, is very much in love with his pupil, Resi. A countess from the Russian Court plays the part of the fairy godmother in promising to be the young musician's patron on the night when he is to conduct his first Viennese Symphony. His father, fearing for his own reputation, upsets these plans. But again, the Countess comes to the rescue and arranges that the father be delayed on the night he is to conduct a return concert. In the dilemma, those in charge have to turn to young Johann to satisfy the audience which is clamoring for Strauss. When the father finally arrives on the scene, he sees the crowds dancing and singing to the enchanting strains of his son's Beautiful Blue Danube Waltz. He realizes that he has been surpassed, and yields his title of "Waltz King" to his son.

Strauss' music, and the splendid settings and costumings should receive the highest praise, for it was these which made this production such a success. One particular scene of the ballet will live

in my memory. The dancers whirled and pivoted against a background of lighted arches. As the lights changed colors, one could imagine that these lithesome creatures were snow-swirling autumn leaves. And then again they would seem so soft and downy, that one would think that they had descended from the sky.

Strauss has his niche in the ranks of the immortals. For what composer would not live on forever through his music, if he could leave such pieces as *Wine, Women and Song, The Beautiful Blue Danube,* and almost countless others.

CATHERINE TEKAKWITHA

By Daniel Sargent

DOROTHY FAHEY '37

In this tale of Indian life in the seventeenth century, Daniel Sargent has given us a new picture of the Indian maiden who so zealously worked for God. Her great faith and her exemplary life mark her truly as one of God's own.

In giving her ancestry, Dr. Sargent has most vividly portrayed Indian legend, social custom, and ceremony. We get an excellent picture of the different tribes, and see in a true light their way of living. They were a strange race, untouched by anything alien, and lived according to their own code. Stoic, reticent, they were brave men, strong in their beliefs, and with as much civilization as their times allowed.

From such a race sprang Catherine Tekakwitha. For a great many generations her ancestors had no contact with Christianity. Not until the influx of the traders and later the missionaries, was such a thing known. The ardent zeal of the Jesuits, and the aid of the Ursuline nuns and the Hospitallers, all were contributing factors in the conversion of the Indians. But even as late as Catherine's time, when a great many Indians had been drawn into the fold, it had not reached her.

Orphaned at an early age, she went to live with her uncle, an Iroquois to whom Christianity was unknown. From this handicapped start Catherine Tekakwitha blossomed into a true Indian saint. Not through the influence of others, but rather through the workings of her own mind did she reach such great heights.

Dr. Sargent portrays all this in a human sort of way, rather verbose at times, but never straying too far from his real purpose. He has embodied in his story the pagan Indian, the slow conversion, and finally the Christian Indian. For an honest view of these fascinating people, coupled with a real account of one Indian maid, *Catherine Tekakwitha* is highly recommended.

SOMETHING OF MYSELF FOR MY FRIENDS KNOWN AND UNKNOWN

By Rudyard Kipling

RUTH GALLAGHER '37

We all know Rudyard Kipling through his poems and tales of the British in India and in other parts of the British Empire. In this book he tells us of his life from his childhood to the period just before his death. He treats the whole story with that constraint and delicacy of feeling that is part of a conservative Englishman. From beginning to end the reader can sense the desire for privacy and feel that more is being held back than is told. To the American mind this is hardly understandable for we must know everything there is to know about our celebrities, from what they eat for breakfast, to what time they retire in the evening. This attitude does not even enter the mind of the ultra-conservative Kipling in the writing of this book.

It begins with the early years of his childhood in India where his parents were stationed. There he was happy and content, but soon he had to go to England to be educated, for his parents did not think that the climate of India was suitable for children. In England, Kipling and his sister lived with a woman who took care of

them for a number of years. She took a very active dislike to the little boy, and to get away from her constant torment he took to reading and as a result nearly lost his sight.

After this episode he was sent to a school where his ability as a writer was recognized and encouraged. There he prepared himself for a career as a journalist. After his graduation from school, he went to India to work on a paper under the guidance of a friend of his father. He continued this work until his health failed and he took a trip around the world. When this trip was completed he returned to England where he found that he had already achieved some degree of fame from the tales of Indian life which he had published during his stay in India. While in England he married and then came to the United States to live, for his wife was an American. He decided to live in Vermont on a farm, but he did not understand the American temperament and as a result his stay was not very pleasant.

At the outbreak of the Boer War, Kipling had returned to England so that he immediately went to Africa to write about the war for the newspapers in England. He liked South Africa so well that he stayed there for a considerable time before returning to England. When he returned home he and his family settled in a country home a short distance from London.

This book is written in a very charming style with a clear vein of humor running throughout. The fact that Kipling was a typical Victorian is apparent, for imperialism, conservatism, and solidness are apparent on every page.

E. C. ECHOES

The French Club

On April 25, the French Club presented its annual play, "La Vierge et le Sagittaire." It was directed by Doris L. Donovan, '30, and the cast included: Yolanda Lodie, '37; Helena Leonard, '37; Rita Crispo, '38; Helen O'Connor, '38, and Albertine Ducharme, '40.

Junior Week

The following week the Juniors celebrated their Junior Week activities. On Tuesday, April 27, a theatre party was held at the Shubert Theatre. On Wednesday, April 28, they attended Mass and Holy Communion. At Assembly they were tendered a reception, followed by a luncheon. That afternoon the class play, "Today at 3.40," was presented. Its authors were Barbara Gill, Margaret Cahill, Mary Conley, Harriet Carritte, and Margaret Dolan. On Friday, April 30, the Junior Class Dance was held at the Fox and Hounds Club. The Chairman for the Junior Week activities was Elizabeth Schuler.

Chemical Exhibit

During the week of April 26, the Chemistry Department sponsored an exhibit of their Chemical Experiments. Bio-Chemistry and Food Chemistry were featured particularly.

May Devotion Day

On May 6, Ascension Thursday, the intercollegiate group of the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin ended their year's activities with a joint May Devotion Day at Boston College. Talks were given by each participating college. Ruth Grandison of Emmanuel spoke on the "Influence of Mary on Sodalists."

Class Elections

The following are the results of the class and society elections for 1937-1938:

Senior Class Officers

President, Katherine Buckley
Vice-President, Rita Crispo
Secretary, Winifred Doyle
Treasurer, Kathleen Barry

Junior Class Officers

President, Mary Raftus
Vice-President, Mary McGinn
Secretary, Loretta Logue
Treasurer, Frances O'Neil

Sophomore Class

President, Claire Devlin
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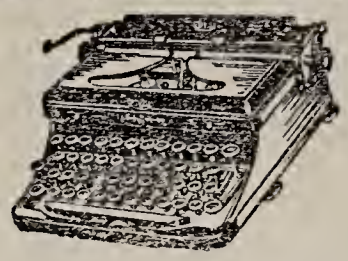

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JAMES M. BARRIE

HARRIET L. CARRITTE '38

THERE is a rule for reading Barrie. You must never pick up one of his volumes when you are not in a mood to humor him, for, like Lob, he must be humored. You must be ready to smile proudly at each new character's revelation of his charming, elfin personality. And you must always be ready, with him, to ignore the fact that the world has ugly things in it.

No other writer of the twentieth century has been able to look at life in the same way as Barrie. He is unquestionably an idealist, and his idealism, in a generation like this, is certainly refreshing. "He sees no further than his stories," says Bernard Shaw, "and conceives any discrepancy between them and the world as shortcomings on the world's part." But for all that he looks at the beautiful things in life—the fairies, and the elves, and the children who never grew up—Barrie cannot forget that life is ugly, too. His sorrowful consciousness that he cannot escape it is the reason why he can make us sad and merry at the same time, with never a gap between.

But when Barrie makes us laugh and cry, he is always conscious of it. Perhaps that is one explanation of his failure to be recognized as one of the great writers of his time. He never becomes so lost in his work that he does not consciously play with our emotions. One has at times an overpowering certainty that Barrie is standing, in some ghostly visitation, with his legs apart, shouting, in Tommy's words "Look! Look! Am I not wonderful?" And then, when we are thoroughly conscious of his conceit, he will turn around and laugh as heartlessly at it as he ever did at Tommy's!

There has never been another writer who treated his characters so ruthlessly as does Barrie. In his writing he is a little like a precocious child, taking his playthings apart to see what

makes them go. He satirizes his creations, even the nicest of them, until we are ready to implore him to be just a little kinder. And yet, in spite of all his satirizing, Barrie has not produced a really satirical piece of writing. *Dear Brutus* and *The Admirable Crichton* are about as far as he ever went in that line and even *Dear Brutus,* though stronger than the other, is rather mild. It would seem that his genuine, inherent kindliness prevented him from taking the final leap.

Barrie has another reprehensible habit with respect to his characters. He has absolutely no concern for their lives. When he tires of a man he kills him off without the slightest compunction. *Sentimental Tommy* and its sequel *Tommy and Grizel* abound in deaths, and the most completely Barrie-esque of them is the hero's own. Who but Barrie would have allowed Tommy to strangle to death as a final punishment for his philanderings? Here again we know with certainty that the author has taken this means of paying the fellow back in his own coin just that he may have the final word.

Now, since we must have an excuse for any seeming flaw in our idol's talents, it should be remembered that Barrie is not seen to his best advantage in his novels. His name will certainly not be handed down to posterity appended to the novels he has written. They are all pleasant reading enough—it is almost impossible for him to be otherwise—but they have about them none of the earmarks of genius. Barrie has always been far too spasmodic and fanciful in his writing to be great as a novelist. He could not sustain his imaginative power for the long periods of time necessary in a novel. His is primarily a talent which finds its forte in the quick succession of events on the stage, where there is no necessity for bothering with tiresome passages of narration and description.

There is, however, a part of Barrie which we can find only in his novels. That is the part of him which belongs to Scotland—has been bred of Scottish flesh, imbued with Scottish traits and steeped in Scottish tradition. When, at the start of a new century, Barrie turned to the stage, Scotland lost one who might possibly have established for her a far more important place than the one she holds in world literature. But before

he did abandon the rich sources of material his native land offered him, Barrie produced one thing which holds an undeniable position of importance in English literature. That is *Margaret Ogilvy,* the exquisitely beautiful little memorial he has given us of his mother. Alexander Woollcott says that in the four decades since he wrote it, he did nothing better. And it is certainly true that there is something of Margaret Ogilvy in almost everything that he has written. Grizel is that little girl in the magenta frock all over again. And Wendy, and Cinderella, and the old lady of *The Old Lady Shows Her Medals*—who else are they? Just as Barrie gives us something of himself in every character, so he manages to slip some of Margaret Ogilvy's endearing qualities in, too. He would tell us that she slipped in of herself—he could not keep her out. And that is probably the true explanation.

Strictly speaking, Barrie can be said to have written only novels and plays. But he has managed to accomplish another feat which is, in its own way, rather remarkable. Out of something which, in the theatre, has always been regarded as a sort of necesssary nuisance, Barrie has produced a genuine literature. Of all the playwrights of the twentieth century, his stage directions are unique. In them he gives free rein to his puckish imaginative powers, and they are always in a class by themselves. The reader who casually skips them is losing about one-third of Barrie. As, for example, this delightful bit from *Quality Street:*

"The room is one seldom profaned by the foot of man, and everything in it is white or blue. Miss Phoebe is not present, but here are Miss Susan, Miss Willoughby, and her sister Miss Fanny, and Miss Henrietta Turnbull. Miss Susan and Miss Willoughby, alas, already wear caps; but all the four are dear ladies, so refined that we ought not to be discussing them without a more formal introduction. There seems no sufficient reason why we should choose Miss Phoebe as our heroine rather than any one of the others, except, perhaps, that we like her name best. But we gave her the name, so we must support our choice and say that she is slightly the nicest, unless, indeed, Miss Susan is nicer."

Barrie, in making of these stage directions the complete things that he does is taking rather an unfair advantage of the other members of his craft. It is a definitely underhanded way of making his characters just that much more lovable. But then, it is just such a thing as Margaret Ogilvy might have done, and as we make our complaint we can almost hear her chuckling gleefully at the way her son has outwitted them.

It is unquestionably true that Barrie's greatest contribution to literature was made through the medium of the stage. In the drama he finds himself, as surely and completely as though he had never fathered those "half-wonderful, curiously blundering" novels and tales of his earlier days. There are no grounds for supposing that Barrie has been or is to become the leader of any new dramatic school. He stands by himself in his attempt to free the drama from some of the harshly outspoken realism of his time, and to bring to it a little of the youthful freshness that was his rare gift. There is no place of importance for Barrie in the theatre today. His plays are charming; they have brought enduring fame to more than a few young actresses; but, except to serve as an occasional escape, they are not what theatre audiences are demanding. Nevertheless, *as literature,* they will live. The children of the world will continue to read the fascinating story of "the boy who would not grow up." And the grown-ups who would like to learn from Barrie the secret of his eternal youthfulness will continue in their attempts to get it from his books. That, I think, is the reason for Barrie's charm. There are so many times when we need someone like him to straighten the tangles out of our lives, to give us back a little of something very precious which belongs to all children. For most of us have forgotten the fairyland in which, long ago, we used to dwell. We have grown up into a world of relentless reality and we cannot go back for long. But, as A. G. Gardiner says, "Barrie refuses to forget Arcady. He will not surrender the Golden Age. He moves on the journey with averted eyes, forever trying to recapture the glow and glory of youth." And we go with him, feeling, if only while in his presence, that he has succeeded in returning to us that which we have lost.

IN MEMORIAM

The Reverend Mother Josepha des Anges

Tenth Superior General of the Sisters of Notre Dame de Namur

ON August tenth, the Sisters of Notre Dame suffered the loss of their Superior General, the Reverend Mother Josepha des Anges. Although she had held that office for only three years, she had endeared herself to all the members of her congregation, and her death seemed like a personal bereavement to each Sister. Everyone who came in contact with the Reverend Mother was impressed by her Christ-like qualities: her spirit of prayer, her self-forgetfulness in the interests of others, her delicate sympathy, and her warm human understanding. The first two years that she was Superior General, she visited many of her convents to become familiar with local conditions. Her first year took her to Rome to receive the blessing of the Holy Father on her new labors, and then to England. The entire second year was spent here in America, where the greater part of the time was passed in the convents in California and Massachusetts. Wherever she stopped, not only the Sisters, but all the pupils, from college girls down to the youngest children in the primary grades had the privilege of meeting her. And all felt drawn to her through some indefinable quality which inspired confidence and trust. It is one of God's mysteries that some lives are cut short just at the moment when they offer the greatest opportunity for the exercise of charity and zeal. So it might seem in the case of Reverend Mother Josepha des Anges, had it not been for the long period in which she had already exerted a wide influence in the field of education. She was Superior in several Notre Dame convents in Belgium from 1922 until 1934 when she was elected Superior General. Prior to that time she had been in charge of the boarding school at Ixelles, near Brussels. Many years of her life were passed at the Mother House in Namur, first as a pupil in

the boarding school, later as a Novice under religious training; still later as class mistress and then Superior of the community there. This may account for her very strong attachment to the foundress of the Institute of Notre Dame, Blessed Julie Billiart, whose cause at Rome she was most eager to advance. In some respects, her character seemed to reflect that of the first Mother General, which has been described as a mingling of sweetness and strength. Her tender and compassionate charity made itself immediately felt; and together with it an understanding of conditions and needs in a changing world which marked her vision and foresight as she took up the duties of her office. Like Blessed Mère Julie, she, too, suffered cheerfully and uncomplainingly when sickness forced her into helpless inactivity in the last months of her life. Although Reverend Mother Josepha des Anges may have no need of our prayers, it is fitting that we should offer them.

May her soul rest in peace.

ALL THINGS SHALL COME

CLARE STANTON '40

HE HAD been late starting and it was gettin' 'round pretty close to eight when he came to the last pot. Then Ben Silva stretched out one sinewy arm, and pulled in the buoy. It was looking a mite cloudy, like there was goin' to be rain, and he knew he ought to be hurryin', but he said to Rob:

"You wanta pull this one?"

He could see that Rob didn't really want to when he started in. He could see how sorry Rob was that he'd ever come back from the city, and then he wondered why he ever had. Five years in the city bendin' over the desk, sendin' no word home, and then one morning Rob back, not sayin' one thing about it. He'd felt sort of responsible for Rob, bein' an older brother. Sometimes he felt as if Rob were older. Livin' in the city had made him talk more and say clever things. There was last night for instance—they had been across the street to Juny's house. Rob had done all the talking and Juny had sat there drinkin' it in with eyes big and round as if she were a little girl again.

At the thought of Juny, Ben felt himself grow weak as water inside. He thought of next month when they would be man and wife, and was filled with a vague, intolerable excitement. It would be different having a garden and flowers and things like that. He had tried to tell Juny somethin' like that last night, but he had gotten sort of twisted and Juny had laughed. She was a mite shy in front of company, and Rob and him and a couple of others had been there.

Right then he heard Rob coughin' and shakin' like a leaf. He didn't stop neither for a long time. Ben was sort of shocked lookin' at him. You could count his ribs clean through the top of his bathin' suit. But he didn't let on, because there was

somethin' strange between Rob and him, and he knew Rob didn't want him to see him coughin'. So he said:

"Storm comin' up. Guess we better head toward shore." Neither of them said anything on the way in.

Juny was waitin' for them. Ben could see that red dress of hers when they were still quite far out. He thought Rob saw her, too, because he looked at Ben and half-smiled. They ran the boat right up on shore. Ben greeted Juny with a smile, then felt he was gettin' soft, standin' there and grinnin' like all get out. So to make up for this he said:

"I got to change into my clothes to go over to the harbor."

"Ben," said Juny, "Cap'n Henry was over. He says you can sell some of your lobsters to the Cliff House. They've got a big summer party comin' out today and they're serving lobsters."

"All right," said Ben, and then he went up the beach at a run, glad to get away. Between him and Rob there had been silence for a week. For nothin' at all, and just now Rob and Juny had been watchin' him go off up the beach and he'd felt himself almost old under their calm eyes. He went up by the front stairs because he was in a hurry, and into his own bare room. It seemed very bare to Ben.

Then he thought how different it would be when there were lace curtains at the windows, and bureaus and tables all over the house covered with flub-de-dubs that Juny would choose. She would probably make him keep his pipes in a stand instead of lyin' around loose on the mantel. He came down the stairs into the living room. He took some rope and started a lobster-head. Knittin' the lobster-heads took quite a long time, so he gave it a lick and a promise and left it for Rob. Maybe he might finish it, though he wasn't what you might call gifted at things like that.

When he got out on the beach, Rob had the boat all turned 'round for him. Ben got in and said:

"Want to come, Juny?"

"Really I can't, Ben. I have loads of things to do."

"How about you, Rob?"

"No, really, Ben, I think I shall stay home."

"All right, never mind," said Ben, and was off.

He brought the lobsters to the Cliff House and got a real good price for them. Then he walked down the street away from the "summer people" section to Cap'n Henry's. The screen wasn't hooked so he started to go in. He gave a preliminary knock just to tell Cap'n Henry he was comin'. In the cool darkness of the front hall Ben heard a clink of glass and bottle and grinned to himself.

"Well, Ben," said the Cap'n, "I was just gettin' a little medicine when you came in."

Then he stopped because Ben was just standin' there and smilin', and the Cap'n knew it was no use trying to fool him.

"What if I was takin' a nip," he said. "When a man gets to be my age with neither chick nor child nor wife to depend on him, I guess he can have a little now and then."

Then the Cap'n grew serious and said:

"I had my will drawn up yesterday, Ben. I'm getting to be an old man, and I don't know who I'd rather leave my house and things to than you and that little girl of yours."

"Gosh! Cap'n, Juny and I aren't expecting you to die for years to come. You're pretty hearty."

"That ammonia last winter left my chest pretty weak, Ben. I don't know about that. Say, I hear your brother Rob is back. Lookin' mighty peaked, folks say. Jim Hutchins was in yesterday, and said Rob doesn't look like he'd last the winter."

Ben didn't say anything and the Captain slapped him on the back. "I guess you're thinking of your own future."

Ben went down to the boat and Cap'n Henry went back in the livin' room thinking that Ben Silva was near as a glove about things he didn't want to talk about, and probably it was a good thing too.

The beach was deserted when Ben finally got to shore. The tide hadn't come in very far so he left the boat there and ran up to the house. He called Rob but couldn't find him. Then he went upstairs to Rob's room, but Rob wasn't there. None of his things were there either. The room looked lonely and cold.

Ben came down stairs again feelin' kind o' queer. Then he saw it. It was on the mantelpiece and it had "Ben" written across the middle in Juny's slanty handwriting. Ben read it through three times. Then he went out on the porch and stood starin' out at the ocean for a long time, while he thought of a heap of things. The tide was comin' in swift. Ben thought, "It won't be long now. It won't be long."

He went down to pull up the boat.

TWO WORLDS

MARGARET A. CAHILL, '38

In 1918 the world emerged from one of the bloodiest and most calamitous wars of all time: A war "to make the world safe for democracy." Today, nineteen years later, the world seems farther than ever from that goal. Europe today is an armed camp. No nation wants war; they all fear and dread it. But they are all preparing for it. It is not a problem which concerns the Old World alone; the war, when it comes, will be a death struggle between democracy and dictatorship. The United States, therefore, both because of its position as the greatest democratic nation in the world, and because of its economic and financial connections with Europe, will inevitably be drawn into the conflict.

Democracy in Europe exists only in the semi-circle of Western European States formed by Switzerland, France, Belgium, the Netherlands, Britain, and the Scandinavian countries. Some of these nations have more freedom than others, but they are all free in the sense that the people enjoy certain established rights which the State is bound to respect.

The dictator States spread over Europe like a great greedy monster with clutching fingers. They deny both freedom of thought and civil right. They have suppressed initiative and have taken over the theatre, the press, and the radio for purposes of propaganda. They have, in fact, repudiated all liberty. Consequently the free nations that are left represent that part of Europe in which culture and freedom may flourish unimpeded—and in that sense they are Europe.

Communism has long been regarded as a grave evil, but it is only in the last three years that the seriousness of the Fascist menace has been realized. And since the two Fascist States are joining together, through national interests rather than creeds,

the democratic nations have accepted the challenge and are preparing to defend themselves against the dictators.

The growth of dictatorship in Germany and Italy was one result of the war. Both nations faced the problems of unemployment, war debts, and rehabilitation. Both nations were ranked as third-class Powers. Both nursed grievances: Germany for the Versailles Treaty and her lost colonies; Italy because she felt she had not been properly rewarded for her part in the war. Mussolini has ruled Italy more than twice as long as Hitler has ruled Germany, but both are practically at the same stage in their careers. For the past three years their countries have grown in importance. They are no longer third class Powers, but great militaristic States that have successfully defied the League of Nations. They can alter the destiny of the world —and they probably will.

In a speech made in October, 1930, Premier Mussolini said:

"The struggle between two worlds can permit no compromise. . . . Either we or they! Either our ideas or theirs! Either our State or theirs!" The words are truer now than when they were first spoken. Between democracy and dictatorship there is a basic opposition of method and temper. Dictatorship represents everything that democracy abhors. The dictator States believe that the man exists for the State; not the State for the man. They deny freedom of speech, of the press, of the courts, of the church. They suppress all sense of independence and individual effort.

This ruthless regimentation would be unbearable, were it not for the sustained emotional tension which the Fascist dictators have produced in their states. The theatre, the radio and the schools are all means of propaganda. All foreign news is strictly censored. The people live in an atmosphere of hysteria. They are told that all nations are unfriendly to them, that they alone are the chosen people; that land and riches will be theirs through conquest. They are kept in a state of blind emotionalism and excitement. This is the reason the dictator States always present an appearance of unity and determination. In democratic countries the people seem weak and hesitant because of their political parties and private views. It is difficult to pro-

duce this emotional tension in democratic countries except in war time but it is the normal condition of the Fascist people.

But this permanent mobilization, this constantly sustained war-like mentality, is unnatural. There are indications that unrest is stirring in Germany. Hitler has been far more ruthless in his suppression of opposition than has Mussolini. He has failed to give his people economic security. He is casting about now for some sudden coup that will divert the minds of the people and tide him over the crisis.

Until recently, Russia, Germany, and Italy had the largest armies in Europe. Today, the French army is ten times stronger than it was a year ago. Great Britain has embarked on a gigantic rearmament program. These two nations are again drawing together for mutual protection.

It is on the economic side that dictatorships are weakest, and democracies strongest. The democracies enjoy an incalculable advantage in wealth and power outside Europe, for three of these countries—Britain, France, and the Netherlands—are the centers of vast empires. In fact, the democratic nations of Europe with their dependencies control forty-six per cent of the world's trade, as compared with the ten and seventy-hundredths per cent controlled by the Fascist countries, and the one and thirty-hundredths per cent of Russia. The three dictatorships have a poor financial standing. And while they each have millions of men under arms, and can mobilize their forces in less than twenty-four hours, they have not the economic and mineral resources necessary for modern warfare.

The question of raw materials and industry naturally brings in the United States. No nation today can successfully isolate itself from the rest of the world. All nations are economically interdependent—including the United States. Our standard of living and our prosperity depend on our imports and exports. The United States and the British Empire control sixty per cent of the world's industrial output and seventy-five per cent of its mineral resources. Therefore they hold the balance of power in commodities essential in peace and war.

While the Fascist countries have an abundance of martial ardor, they are weak in economic resources. On the other hand,

the democracies, though rich in natural resources and enjoying much higher standards of living are weakened by their lack of unity. The diplomatic gains of Hitler and Mussolini have been made by bold and sudden moves which seemed to involve risk of war, and therefore threw the democracies into confusion and disagreement.

There has been too much talk in Washington about how to keep out of war when it comes. Well, when it does, we can not keep out of it. Obviously, then, the only solution is to prevent war. And that can be done only with the co-operation of all the democratic countries. It is not a struggle for new empires, or trade concessions; it is a struggle for freedom and civil rights —the struggle of democracy against dictatorship. They are two separate worlds and between them there can be no compromise.

DEDICATION

GERTRUDE COLLINS '38

Heaven and earth
And best of both.
Laughter for happiness
In beauty, and vision
Not of this small planet.
Tears for fragments
Of a lost symphony,
And silence for words
Poets would have written —
These are you.

No changing years
To measure victory.
They boast inconsequent
And insufficient weight;
But certainty of truth
Imperishable—love
Luminous as a star,
And peace, quiescent peace
Inviolate, without end—
These are for you.

REST—ABOVE THE THUNDER

GERTRUDE COAKLEY, '38

Sam looked up just in time to see the big boss come around one of the wheels, tap Bill on the shoulder and signal for him to come outside. He wondered what Bill was in for, and forgot as a slender piece of fiery steel came sliding down the shaft. With expert hands he guided it to the edge and shoved it down through the trough. He jumped back as the steam rose in a hissing cloud and went back for the next piece. Sweat blinded him and he wiped his eyes with the sleeve of his shirt which hung from his belt. He was naked to the waist —his shirt had clung to the burned skin on his arms and chest, and the constant pulling had been unbearable. Sometimes it seemed as though this were all the world they knew, Bill and he,—wheels—immense, towering wheels—that ground on every nerve of their bodies; red steel—that seared their flesh and filled their brains with millions of churning, fiery maggots which gave them no rest. He noticed that Bill was back at his place and that his hands were unsteady. He couldn't ask him what the trouble was, for the din of the wheels made speech impossible. Two pieces of steel came down the shaft. Sam sent the first one along and glanced around to see the second piece skip the shaft and fly towards Bill. Bill saw it, too, and leaped back from the shaft. It missed him—and Sam rushed forward with his prong ready to lift it back on the shaft. Then he saw Bill. He had tripped after his leap and had fallen sideways, and his hand had reached out blindly for support. And the nearest support was an immense wheel—whirling madly—and it snapped up Bill's hand. It was a matter of moments before the machines were shut off, and Bill was lying on the floor, unconscious, his arm torn from fingers to shoulder and his heavy leather glove dug deeply into the flesh. Sam watched them take Bill away. Bill and those wheels—those cursed wheels. He had always felt

that they figured largely in his life, great, towering monsters, tearing your soul out with their noise, and waiting, waiting for him now. He was next. It was twenty minutes before closing time, and it wouldn't be worth while to set off the machines again, so the men left, and Sam sat in the shadows of the big wheels till the shop was almost locked up. He took the subway and got off at Sullivan Square. He went down underneath the trams, crossed a narrow street, and went into a tenement house that leaned in friendly fashion toward the trams. Martha was home—he could see the light seeping through the worn part of the threshold. The usual basket of rubbish and cans was in front of the door. Martha always put it out so he could take it downstairs before he came in. He pushed open the door, called, "I'm home, Martha," and went down to empty the basket. Martha was in the kitchen when he came back, and as usual her hair was done up in pins, her face smeared with cold cream and her thin body clothed in a wrapper. Martha always looked like that in the house. But tonight he didn't mind. The baby was crying and he went over and picked her up. Martha was so careful about herself—but the baby—he had asked her so many time to change its clothing more often.

They sat down and Martha failed to notice his preoccupation. If she had noticed him, she would have seen only his splendid body, his face, thin, uninteresting, never seeming to lose the muddy complexion of adolescence. He was rather like a child in kindergarten, physically over-developed and older than the other children, who showed no interest in the crayons and simple mathematical problems of his classmates, but rather clung to the blocks and tin soldiers of his babyhood.

Martha went out to the movies with the woman down the hall and Sam washed dishes and put the baby to bed. He tried to read the *Globe,* but the picture of Bill caught in the wheels smeared itself over every word. In bed, the lights out, he still could not escape it. In the light of the street lamps, the bars at the foot of the bed became the spokes of a wheel and spun crazily before his eyes. The baby's crib in the corner was transformed into a grotesque wheel which grew and whirred until it seemed the walls must burst with its deafening roar. He stared wide-eyed into the darkness, not daring to close his eyes

for fear he, too, would be snatched into it. The trams, grinding by on the tracks just outside the windows, seemed to leave the tracks and come smashing through the room. When it seemed as though his eyes must burst from their dry sockets, and his nerves snap with the tension, a heavy torpor claimed him.

He forced himself to enter the shop in the morning, to keep his eyes on the floor, on his hands, anywhere but on the wheels. He adjusted his gloves, his glasses, and the machines were set off. He could keep his eyes away from them, but he could not shut his ears to their noise. His hands grew unsteady, his mouth dry; sweat poured down his body and into his eyes, his breath was being squeezed from his lungs. The wheels grew into monstrous shapes with claws that plucked at him, attempting to draw him to them. It seemed an eternity before the noon whistle shrilled above the uproar. He stumbled from the shop and took his lunch to the river bank, but he was too weak and shaken to eat.

He never knew how he got through the afternoon. When he stood out on the sidewalk he felt like a person who has awakened after a nightmare and feels frantically and thankfully for the bed, the blankets, the pillow, to make sure it was only a dream. But it was not quite the same—there was the shop behind him, quiet and dark and waiting for tomorrow. He swung off blindly down the street—he had to get away—he had to get away—from the noise and from—Oh, God—the wheels! If only for a few hours. He headed for the North Station, he would go to Concord where he used to go on picnics as a child. He ran the last few steps and arrived breathless at the station. Forty-two cents, the price of relief, of freedom.

The train pulled out in ten minutes and he settled back in the seat. But the steady singing of the wheels on the rails brought him to its edge, brought sweat to his upper lip and forehead, and the white to his knuckles. "They'll get you yet!" "They'll get you yet!" madly, gleefully they sang. The girl in front of him didn't seem to notice it. But she was nervous, her hands wandering from her pocket mirror to her curls to the collar of her coat. "They'll get you yet! "They'll get you yet!" He pressed his hands against his ears, but the rhythm sang through his body.

They were there at last. The girl alighted before him and ran to meet a young fellow sitting behind the wheel of a black roadster. She seemed thrilled, he a little bored. Sam noticed it, he did not know why, but there was no one else there except the station master, there was no noise and maybe he was beginning to notice commonplace things again. He started off down the road in the wake of the black roadster, which was soon swallowed up by the rise in the road. He walked for hours along the road, which had narrowed to the width of a wagon road, and at each step he felt a little of the fear slip from his shoulders. For miles there were no wheels, no noise. He flung back his head and his steps came faster. Right now he was free from them, he wouldn't think of them until tomorrow. Nothing around him but trees, and air, and stars frosty and friendly above him. He broke into a run—an exclamation, half-sob, half-laugh, broke through his lips. He laughed aloud as he felt the strength of his legs, of his body. He was strong, stronger than any fear, nothing could frighten him again. He ran swiftly, steadily, the wind singing in his ears, his eyes on the trees, on the sky.

And that was why he didn't see it, the black roadster, swing up in front of him. The sound of jamming brakes,—a girl screamed. With a sob she flung herself from the car, followed by a young man, a flashlight in his hand. Sam was at the right side of the road, his right leg twisted unnaturally beneath his body. The girl sobbed.

"Jack—they'll find out for sure now."

"Shut up—can't you see he's dying!"

He jerked his arm away and lifted Sam's head. His eyes strained past them, reached the wheels of the car, dimmed, lost their vision.

"They did get me—They did get me. But I'm glad—tell Bill to look out—I'm glad—glad—it's—all—over!"

SHADES OF WHITE

PAULINE SULLIVAN '38

STORM AT SEA

Roaring, crashing, furious white-capped waves,
Growling wind-sleeting rain,
Mountainous waves—buffeting sides of boats.
Grey, dense fog everywhere.
The fog horn's warning shriek—
Then splintering timber as boats crash.

OCEAN VIEW

I watch white sea gulls flying,
Hovering over deep blue waves.
They circle, dip, and rise.
They pause as if in doubt—
Then sailing off with outstretched wings
They float between the blue
Of azure ocean and a cloudless sky
To disappear beyond the far horizon.

SUNSET SCENE

A vast unbroken stretch of dazzling whiteness—
Slim young birches, crystal trimmed
Beside a silver sheathed lake.
Pine, fir, hemlock, garbed in sparkling white,
Nodding to the rose, yellow, turquoise sunset
In a rapidly darkening sky.

SHRINE AT AMHERST

GERTRUDE COLLINS '38

THERE'S a small town up at the foot of the Berkshire hills—a typical college town. Like most places of its kind, it is invested with the peculiar charm that comes to a town blessed with a college rich in beauty and tradition. Illustrious names are written there on a roll of honor that grows increasingly larger as years go by. I imagine that Lord Jeffry Amherst must be very proud as he walks in spirit some quiet night over the campus of the college which bears his name —or down one of the elm-shaded streets, where the Greek letter houses are great while-pillared mansions standing aloof and remote in the dim light.

But down another street there is another and a different shrine. It is the birthplace and lifelong home of Emily Dickinson. To Amherst, that name and that home have lent a glamour and a shining that will remain forever.

The original Dickinson house suggests the austerity and aloofness characteristic of the family. One can see the hand of Emily's strait-laced father, Edward Dickinson, in the high hedges that surround the vast estates. The house has been sold to a California doctor and his family, but at the end of "the little path just wide enough for two who love" stands the "other House" of which Emily speaks—the home of Austin Dickinson and his wife, the beloved "Sister Sue" of Emily's letters. Not long ago I spent a long and lovely afternoon with Madame Bianchi among the priceless manuscripts and personal treasures which were Emily's. Madame Bianchi is quite as much of a personality as was her immortal aunt—a lovely gracious lady in whom the Dickinson temperament is often justly aroused because Emily is so often misrepresented as a fantastic eccentric: an "American exotic." Madame Bianchi patiently explained

that Emily Dickinson must appear at a different angle to her own family from any possible to those who never knew her. The legend of a strange, white-garbed figure who, if she spoke at all, spoke from behind closed doors, is utterly foreign to the real Emily Dickinson, the Emily who smuggled fruit in high glee to Sue with the brief note—"Sue—a pear to the wise is sufficient" —the same Emily who gazed ruefully at a portrait of her small niece, Martha, and wrote, "That's the Little Girl I always meant to be, but wasn't—the Very Hat I always meant to wear, but didn't"—the same Emily who, shortly before her death, sent the poignant "Be Sue while I am Emily. Be next what you have ever been, Infinity," to the house at the end of the lovers' path. She chose to withdraw from the world—not definitely, at first, but gradually. Her essential rebellion was directed against life. The strange solace of incompletion was hers—and around this she based her whole personal philosophy. She says:

> How fitter they will be for want
> Enlightening so well!
> I know not which—desire or grant—
> Be wholly beautiful!

Emily's non-conforming spirit, so evident in her poetry, must have been a constant source of dismay to the typical New Englander of her day. Such words as:

> Of course I prayed—
> And did God care?
> He cared as much
> As on the air
> A bird had stamped her foot
> And cried, "Give me!"

could hardly help seeming sacrilegious. Only Sue, says Madame Bianchi, knew that "these impish flashes were no more to the underlying God-consciousness of the real Emily than the gargoyle on the roof is to the heart of the Cathedral within."

There is much of Emily Dickinson's poetry that is cryptic, half-erratic; there is a sense of revelation too huge to be contained in mere words. The marvelous Greek-like condensation

of the slim quatrains does not obscure, as is so often the case in a later school, the meaning and underlying insight into life. She has perfected the happy combination of beauty of meaning and beauty apart from meaning.

The speculation given to the unhappy love affair which interrupted a trip to Washington is completely irrelevant. Names and places cannot possibly matter now. What is important is the fact that Emily herself tells us the story of her love, her first rebellion, her resignation, her waiting for reunion in Eternity, and the love she dreamed took its form and root in the poetry that gives to Amherst its shadow of immortality.

I think, in going to Emily's home, that one must find her still there—in the lovely gardens or among the lilacs; and on warm summer nights, an ethereal figure in white, walking with Sue beneath the tall pines through which shines a misty yellow moon. I think that her fine, precise words must whisper back from every wall and every doorway—her footsteps still echo across the little path. Her quiet magic has been explained, simply and sincerely by her niece: "She was not daily bread—she was star-dust."

JEWELS

ROSEMARY McLAUGHLIN '38

I shot into a deep and dark sky
And plucked a star for you, beloved,
Scintillating, glowing in my hand,
I held it out to you; yet asking
Naught save lights of admiration in your eyes.

I plunged into the silver streaked depths
Of icy waters, joying in my strength
To bring you a rare translucent pearl.
It glowed upon your palm—alas,
The light I sought within your eyes evaded me.

And all the exaltation left my heart.
So questioning, I looked into your heart
And saw that it was full of love for me!
'Twas then I placed within your hand
Glowing with light, light now from your eyes
My heart—love's jewel all for you.

AUTUMN IS—

ESTHER M. FARRINGTON, '38

A Chopin Nocturne in a minor strain;
The wailing whistle of a night-time train.
A whirl of color; flash of grace;
A sudden smile that lights a lovely face.
A dirge played at a funeral, sad and slow;
A hint of wintry winds and fields of snow.
The dread of parting; youth's unreasoning fears;
A touch of pathos in a child's quick tears.
A smell of spice upon a quiet breeze;
A murmur, soothing, soft, through forest trees.
The skip of leaves along the hardened earth;
A football match,—excitement, cheers and mirth.
Sadness and laughter; strangely they combine;
Autumn tugs at your heartstrings—and mine.

HOW TO—

MARGARET M. CASHIN '38

THIS essay is devoted to the subject of how to. There are so many things that one must know how to do. For example, one really should know how to take a snapshot, how to study, how to walk, how to make the telephone ring, how to make an unfriendly dog think you are not afraid, and, possibly, how to change a flat tire. This masterpiece will, I hope, divide itself into parts on each of the above listed subjects. Let us first consider how to take a snapshot. It is really not at all intricate.

The first step is to sit in a darkened room and try to make the benighted film fit itself on the rollers. This can usually be accomplished after a half hour of good steady work. The second step is to stand around and wait patiently for the person whose picture you aspire to take to stop acting coy, and giggling like an oaf. This step being well in hand, you are ready for the all important third step. You take your trusty camera in hand, and aim for the face of your victim. (Keep your thumb off the lens and lower the camera; the telephone pole is extraneous.) You steady your nerves and the camera, for the crucial moment is at hand. Then, just as you start clicking the clicker, the victim opens its mouth and shrieks, "For heaven's sake, hurry up." The picture is, of course, ruined, but you are not at fault. You know how to take a snapshot.

The next point to consider is how to study. This is very simple and may be explained in comparatively few words. You first become very firm with yourself and retire to your room. You close the door so that all frivolity may be behind you. You pick up a heavy, dull tome and prepare to devour it. Suddenly you are horrified to discover that the o's on the page are filled in and that all sorts of queer designs adorn the blotter. Yea,

more, you discover that you know not one word that you have been staring at. While you are letting this revolting knowledge sink in, you hear a familiar sound—Fred Allen—Town Hall Tonight. Oh, well, you can do it on the street car in the morning.

The subject of how to walk is perhaps the simplest thing in the world, yet most people do not make it so. To walk, one need not take dainty, mincing steps, nor need one stride along like a longshoreman, nor is there need for one to take a moderately sized step and sway back and forth as one goes. All that one really must do to walk is, place one foot before the other and push, and ditto and repeat, etc.

I pass now to the fourth part of this bit of exposition, namely, how to make the telephone ring. Intrinsically, this feat is easy enough, but extrinsically it is a great deal of bother. One starts by lighting the gas heater, locating bath salts, towels, face cloths, soap, etc. and in general to prepare for a bath. The next step is one which sometimes brings the desired result—one fills the tub with water. If you are not called to the phone so that the water may cool now, you may depend upon being called as soon as you settle down into the tub and cover yourself with suds. Sometimes I have found that just washing my hair is enough to make both telephone and doorbell ring. That is, of course, merely a personal note.

We come now to the little matter of how to make an unfriendly dog think that you are not afraid. A negative explanation would perhaps be more appropriate here. One absolutely should not attempt to advance hastily, murmuring "nice doggie," because dogs do not speak or understand English which is murmured over a palpitating Adam's apple. And one absolutely should not attempt to stand and outstare the creature because so long as the little fellow sees you shaking he knows perfectly well that you are afraid. So now we come to the only thing to do. One should stand and reason with himself along this line—"Barking dogs never bite. Maybe it is only because they have no one's leg in their mouths to stop them, but after all what's a leg. If he bites me, I shall be able to tell people about it. And who is he to bite me, anyway?" Continue the thinking along this line until you work yourself into a rage, then turn to the animal and

say in firm tones, "Keep quiet and go home!" I have never tried this myself but I would like to know if it works.

We now come to the concluding subject—how to change a flat tire. In this case I refer to a flat tire that happens on a country road with no gas stations in sight. How to, in this case, may be summed up in one sentence. Sit on the running board looking helpless until a gallant male comes along and changes it for you.

I trust that these bits of advice will be a help and consolation to all those who find themselves with such situations.

WATER UNDER THE BRIDGE

The anniversary of anything is always a signal for reminiscences and complacent comparison. We, however, shall avoid this oft trodden path and on this—the tenth anniversary of The Ethos—shall firmly resist the temptation to poke fun at the styles and customs of 1927. We feel that this end of the decade would suffer by comparison. Who are we to point the finger of ridicule at waistless, knee-high dresses, frizzy hair-do's and hats that rested on eyebrows? We have an uncomfortable presentiment that our own styles of hair and dress will be objects of amusement at some not too distant date. It was a world happily ignorant of depression, breadlines, technocracy, Huey Long, Hitler and other such blights on civilization. In this age of skepticism and disillusionment we can only envy them their touching faith in a vision of perpetual peace and prosperity. They thought that war was really a thing of the past, that nations always paid their debts, that taxes were going to be lowered. Can we ridicule such hopes and dreams? Would that the prospects today were as bright!

The much-criticized W. P. A. Massachusetts Guide book calls Amherst "an adventure in quietude." The apt grace of that epigrammatic statement atones for many of the distortions and less pleasant remarks—at least in our rather biased mind—for we are completely and unequivocally in love with this jewel of the Berkshires. It is a busy little town, but there is none of the vulgar bustle and commercialism that ruins so many of our quaint old towns. It has an air of peace, this Amherst, with its cool, quiet streets, its dignified homes, its two magnificent colleges, surrounded by rolling green fields and small thriving farms, ringed round by its blue hills. Emily Dickinson, the "shy recluse," left a deathless legacy of exquisite poetry, but her father, too, must have been a poet at heart. He also left a legacy of beauty —hundreds of maple trees planted all through the town. Stately, venerable sentinels now, they arch the pleasant streets, sway majestically over the emerald sweep of the common and whisper their message of tranquillity to all who visit this lovely, unspoiled town.

* * * * * *

As for commuting, we consider it an irksome duty and a lamentable waste of time, productive only of headaches and a bitter realization that the days of chivalry have indeed passed. But everything has its compensations and *Peter* was ours. We watched for *Peter* every day and often toyed with the idea of sending him a head of lettuce—anonymously, of course. For *Peter* was a large white rabbit. He must have been the original model for the Easter bunny—he was such a plump, fastidious lad, smooth of coat and pink of ear. He was tended with loving care and admired, at a respectful distance, by small neighbors. He was the one bright spot of our weary journey. Then came a day when *Peter* was no longer visible. Day followed dreary day and not even a glimpse of a pink nose greeted our straining eyes. The pen stood empty for a month or two and then disappeared. Poor *Peter!* It is our fond hope that he died a natural death and did not grace the festal board of some heartless wretch.

A young cousin of ours was spending a vacation in New York, her first trip away from home. She showed an insatiable interest in everything. We personally conducted her on a sight-seeing tour, on the hottest day of the whole summer—a trip that left us as weary as last night's corsage. She nearly fell into the penguin pool at the Aquarium, and rode on open trolleys with her head out the side, oblivious to the dangers of decapitation by elevated pillars. Her letters home were gems of juvenile enthusiasm and description. In one such lengthy epistle to her chum she inquired anxiously if Mary missed her. The reply, tacked on at the end of an equally expansive missive was direct and succinct:

"You ask if I miss you. Would I miss my right leg?"

* * * * * *

And while we are on the subject of personally conducted tours we cannot refrain from mentioning with justifiable if punctured pride the tour we conducted not so many moons ago. In the course of our summer job as playground instructor we took about forty young hopes-of-the-nation on a bus trip. (Let us mention, in passing, that we always considered ourselves rather well able to take it. We wish to make it clear now that in the future we shall walk with humbler mien.) After we had dragged ourselves up and down the approximately seven hundred and forty steps of Bunker Hill Monument, covered Old Ironsides from stem to stern, looked at fish at City Point, and tramped over five weary miles of territory in Franklin Park, we were wondering what it was all worth anyway. But we felt that we had done nobly, and in a final spurt of ambition we suggested scaling a stone wall instead of going around by the road to our bus. One of the young hopefuls looked at us with cold skepticism, then muttered to his companion: "You'd better stay here with me. We'll prob'ly have to shove her over." And as we stalked off hastily to the nearest gate a dreary sense of imminent senility swept over us.

The other day on one of our aimless rambles through downtown Boston, we stumbled on a veritable treasure trove. Down near the foot of Cornhill it is, a second-hand bookstore, and if appearance does not lie, just about the oldest in the town. Outside there were a couple of stands piled high with very superior bargains at a dime apiece. We rooted around there for awhile but unfortunately were able to find nothing more valuable than a few memories of our early youth in "Sink or Swim" and "Strive and Succeed." But we were not discouraged. We ascended the three rickety steps and went in. And we were not disappointed. The place had everything, absolutely everything, necessary for a well-kept second-hand bookstore. Books were piled everywhere—on shelves, on tables, on chairs, waist high on the floor. It was gloriously dirty. The windows were streaked, the lights were wretched. We gloated over the two shaky ladders leaning against the shelves and positively squirmed with delight when we saw that there was a cellar. Oh, that cellar! There was hardly room for two people to pass each other between the unpainted plank cases. The books were stacked so closely together that to dislodge one meant a gargantuan struggle. We spent two hours of blissful contentment leaning against the dirty shelves poring over some of the most fascinating volumes we have ever had the good fortune to come across. And when finally we sallied forth into the light of day, with the courteous goodbyes of the two old gentlemen proprietors sounding warmly in our ears, we felt that we had begun to understand a little of the spirit of Boston and the Boston legend.

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EDITORIALS

The recent celebration of Catholic Book Week in Boston brings back to our mind, more forcefully than ever, a theme on which we have been ranting, more or less spasmodically, and to anyone who would bother listening to us, for the past two or three years. Indeed, it was back in our high school days that we were precipitated headlong into the knowledge that the likelihood of finding any more than a little good Catholic fiction after we had passed the age of sixteen was pretty slender. We discovered that we might read Isabel Clark and a few others of her ilk—and very little else. And being no admirer of Miss Clark, we

abandoned her to the library shelves and sought entertainment elsewhere.

We feel that we are fairly close to facts when we say that Catholic literature reaches its lowest point in the field of Catholic fiction. There is a certain amount available for youth in its early teens. After that there is woefully little. We are not, of course, presuming to say that there is a complete lack. There certainly is some and that some has increased in the past few years. The real loss to Catholic literature is in the *quality* of the fiction that is being produced under the legitimatizing effect of its name. Two-thirds of it is drivel. It is Catholic enough—there is no fault to be found with it on that score. But its Catholicity consists in the mawkish sentimentality of the emotional Catholic, not in the faith which is built on strong ethical principles. The outstanding examples of this sort of thing are the stories in many of the Catholic magazines. From a literary viewpoint they are wretched. They are such things as an editor of any third-rate non-sectarian magazine would scorn to print. But they have a "nice Catholic tone" so they are acceptable. Why cannot these embryonic authors understand that it is not absolutely essential for their heroines to attend five o'clock Mass every morning before they go to work, if they know the fine points of their Church's teaching and can pit them against an adversary?

But the stories in Catholic magazines, even if they are the most notorious, are not the only offenders. The offensive type of Catholic novel is, in its way, almost as bad. Its sin is not worthlessness—it is mediocrity. And we are inclined to think that, of the two, the latter will do more harm in the end. These novels are nonentities, getting—and deserving—no more than the mere notice of publication. They are immature, they are uninteresting, and they are *without influence.*

What is the matter with our Catholic people? Certainly the practise of Catholicism does not destroy literary ability. It should increase it a hundred-fold. A good Catholic with a talent for writing should, because of his religion, be able to produce a work that is artistically perfect because it is ethically perfect. Certainly a Catholic writer need not feel himself obliged to deal

only with the pretty things of life. He has power to combat the ugly things and in his books he should be revealing it. Catholicism is not a negative religion; it is a fighting one. Catholic literature is more important in that fight today than it has ever been. Fiction has more followers at the present time than any other type of literature. It is about time that Catholics realized that they hold weapons which can do great good. And it is about time that Catholic readers had something offered to them by Catholic authors that is worth reading.

HARRIET L. CARRITTE '38

THE TENTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE ETHOS

It scarcely seems ten years since the class of '28 met in what used to be the English Room and decided to sponsor a magazine to be called The Ethos. In retrospect it seems to me that we encountered amazingly few difficulties in what was an important and great undertaking. This was due, of course, to Sister Julie de la Sainte Famille who so smoothed and paved the way that I know we did not realize the tremendous work that lay underneath. A few seemingly casual suggestions—but oh—the work that Sister must have put into them!

Out main difficulty was not contributions but advertisements. Our Business Manager, Miss Eleanor Groden, spent many an anxious moment trying to achieve a happy medium between those old friends, Profit and Loss. As usual, Miss Groden was most efficient, but hers was certainly the hardest task.

I remember that short stories were somewhat difficult to secure, but there was no dearth of really good poetry. I recall particularly the very lovely poems of Miss Mary Rita O'Connor, '28, Miss Mary Fowler, '29, and Miss Kathleen Rogers, '29. I know we were instructed to call these works "verse" instead of poetry, but we thought of them as very real poetry.

In the second issue we were forced to run an explanation of the symbolism of the cover. There was more or less controversy

over this cover, the STYLUS of Boston College adding fuel to the flames, but we liked it and felt it did stand for things such as Goodness, Truth, Knowledge, Loyalty to Christ and His Church, and Patriotism, which were very vital to us, and I know that many of us were sorry to see a change.

In an editorial written in June, 1928, I said, "It seems to me that Emmanuel gives something to those who have spent four years within her walls that they can never forget." After ten years I still say it, and say it sincerely. You are fortunate to be educated at Emmanuel College. You are getting something that will stay with you the rest of your lives. Even if you try to lose it, you cannot. The world is different, far different from what it was ten years ago (or so it seems to me and will seem to you ten years after), but the virtue of faith—faith in God, faith in your fellow man, and faith in yourself—is eternal. The class of '28 blazed the trail but you have carried the torch and kept it lighted, and as long as Emmanuel stands, this light, carried by successive classes, will be an important beacon in the darkness of wavering faith and loyalties.

MARGUERITE A. COFFEY '28

THEATRE

COMBINE gorgeous satire, sheer irresponsible fun, the dizziest and most hilarious antics imaginable, and you have the Messrs. Moss Hart's and George Kaufman's newest and most slyly ingratiating comedy, *You Can't Take It With You.* Our personal opinion is that their newest venture, which wears the Pulitzer Prize upon its—one might say—slightly surprised shoulders, is the best comedy of its kind that either Boston or New York has seen in many a moon. Funnier than either *Boy Meets Girl* or *Brother Rat, You Can't Take It With You* is the saga of the Sycamores—a grand family with an aesthetic sense that is a trifle atrophied, and a design for living that would startle even Mr. Noel Coward.

The Sycamores' "philosophy" of life is contained in the title of the play and expounded verbally by Grandpa Vanderhof, a kindly old gentleman, who wants to know why anyone should go on working if they have a little money. Led by Grandpa, who by way of amusement and relaxation, attends Commencement exercises, raises snakes in the parlor, and throws arrows at a bull's-eye on the door, the rest of the family persist, each in his own way, in having a good time while a very much bewildered world looks on. There are Father and Mr. De Pinna (ex-ice man) who make fireworks in the cellar. There is Mother, who gave up dabbling in oils to write plays, simply because a typewriter was delivered to the house eight years ago by mistake. There is also Essie, mad about the Russian Ballet, who hopes—vaguely—to fill the shoes of Pavlowa. And then there is husband Ed, who pounds a xylophone, playing "something he wrote by Beethoven."

As a practicable "philosophy" of life, *You Can't Take It With You* is, of course, sheer hokum. Nevertheless, it is much more than simple farce and freak humor. Based on sympathetic understanding, and making a sharp inquiry into an essential

part of life, its extraordinary comedy must not be taken for mere whimsy or lunacy. It is much more than that.

The fact that the Pulitzer Prize committee dared to stoop from its Olympian heights to favor *You Can't Take It With You,* caused no end of high indignation among the critics. We think the choice a singularly happy one. Perhaps it even marks the beginning of a return to true human sentiment and values after a wearisome and interminably long reign of the supposedly smart comedy of the Coward school, wherein moral wrong, shoddy ethics and sentiment were so heavily coated with glamour as to hide the underlying viciousness of the drama.

The Boston cast of *You Can't Take It With You* is particularly good. Priestly Morrison's charactization of Grandpa is flawless. At the present writing, *You Can't Take It With You* goes into its eighth week at the Plymouth Theatre. It should remain with us for many more weeks.

GERTRUDE COLLINS '38

Maurice Evans in his brilliant portrayal of Richard II, merited the unrestrained plaudits of his Boston audiences. His seemingly effortless characterization gave indication of careful study of the arts of diction, movement, ability to wear costumes, and to create the illusion of characters of a past age who are yet vital today. He gave us a youthful, appealing Richard, handsome, pettish, insolent while fortune was favorable; superstitious, despondent, prone to poetic outbursts in the face of disaster, and throughout, unstable and vacillating. Though Richard's punishment was deserved, so appealing is Mr. Evans' conception of the "weathercock Richard," that upon his downfall we looked upon the lonely, self-pitying king with the combined feeling of justification and compassion. He showed us all sides of Richard yet left us with a unified impression.

The dialogue of the play which is prone to bombast and hampered by the frequency of rhyming couplets, thus tending to

create a sing-song effect, was handled with ease by this master craftsman of the English stage. He fulfilled our expectations in the scenes which all lovers of Shakespeare have come to know so well. The abdication scene was admirable by reason of the delicacy of feeling and imagination with which Mr. Evans handled the situation. His speech, commencing with the words, "Now is this golden crown like a deep well," as he and Henry each had one hand upon the crown is unforgettable. The scene where the groom visited him in his dungeon was also one of penetrating beauty. Indeed, the skill of all the players, the richness of costuming, the commanding tones of the music, the ingenious lighting effects combined to make the presentation a page out of English history.

BARBARA F. GILL '38

BOOK NOTES

A howling gale outside, and within a cheerful fire, a comfortable chair, a dish of apples—and a good book. Does that sound inviting? It's my private recipe for a winter night's enjoyment. You can change or omit the accessories—the book is, after all, the prime requisite. Whatever you like to read, when you open the covers of a book you can shut the world out. And here, I think, are some books that will help you to do just that.

It is almost unnecessary to add further words of praise for *Northwest Passage*, that flaming story of a great man and a great dream. Those familiar with *Rabble In Arms* know that Kenneth Roberts has the rare gift of visualizing history for us; of making us suffer and struggle with his characters.

The central figure of this robust tale is Major Robert Rogers, he who led the expedition which destroyed the town of St. Francis in 1759; whose life-long dream it was to find the Northwest Passage to the Pacific. Langdon Towne, the narrator of the story, says of him:—

"He had more than the two faces of Janus and all his faces were genuine. It was as if Garrick played a dozen parts—selfless hero, drunkard, daring adventurer, debauchee, generous friend, braggart, rioter, splendid visionary, whiner, conqueror and what-not —and then as if the audience were told that all these roles were the depiction of but one man."

Rogers is a baffling, many-sided man who can fraternize with privates, yet keep iron discipline on the march, who can play the dandy at Whitehall, yet out-smart an Indian, who could, as Towne put it, "smell his way through the wilderness."

The most absorbing section of the book is the account of the St. Francis expedition. Two hundred men under Rogers slipped away from Crown Point in the dead of night to march against the town, whose Indians had for a century devastated all New England. Their journey through swamps and forests, pursued by French and Indians, their long and terrible struggle back to civilization, freezing, starving, hunted, make a tale of almost unbelievable heroism. Here Rogers reached the peak of his career. He drove his men to superhuman efforts, kindling in their hearts the white flame of his own burning faith, his own indomitable will to live. He was the unconquerable, dauntless soul of the expedition, the magnetic, forceful spirit that defied savages, starvation and death. In the second part of the book we see another side of the man. We watch his battle against other forces, including his own weaknesses. Although he was a man of far vision and undoubted genius, bound and impeded like Gulliver among the Lilliputians, his character slowly disintegrated. We watch him dazzling London society, gaining the coveted post of Governor of Michilimackinac, plotted against, court-martialed, tortured, sinking to the degradation of debtors' prison, returning again to the battlefield. We feel a tremendous pity for the magnificent brain, the invincible physical courage of the man.

"As far as he had fallen, yet something—some imperishable last glimmer of the old spirit still survived. There was an inner force that had been warped and twisted by narrow men and a narrow woman, but that had never been wholly crushed and never could be."

The exciting story, the varied scenes and characters, the picturesque, powerful, lucid style, the marvellous panorama of the eighteenth century will keep one reading breathlessly to the very end, but it is the vital personality of Major Rogers, the "leader of forlorn hopes," that dominates the book.

* * * *

To turn to something lighter. Those who have read Clarence Day's mirth-provoking *Life With Father* (and those who haven't) will revel in the last hilarious sketches of the diverting Day family, *Life With Mother*. Although the book is nominally devoted to that gentle, sweetly inconsistent lady, it is Father, that lovable tyrant, who steals the show. Father must have been an extremely trying person to live with, but his son portrays him with affectionate tolerance and gentle humor.

Father could not be relegated to the position of a minor charac-

ter. He was born to dominate—and dominate he would. Hence we find him in the first sketch attempting to impose his will on a dog —with unfortunate results. Following that characteristic encounter we learn of his unique methods of courtship, his forthright opinion of Mother's home town. We see the Day children reluctantly speaking their pieces in the parlor for the edification of visitors, Father's misguided efforts to "brighten the sick room"—but why go on? It's a book that you'll read from cover to cover with genuine pleasure.

* * * *

If you know anything at all about Betsy Patterson you probably didn't get the information from your history books. For Betsy Patterson, the Baltimore belle who married Jerome Bonaparte, was, despite her energetic efforts, pushed off into an obscure corner of history. In *No Hearts to Break* Susan Ertz has created a vivid and plausible story from meagre and unpromising facts, and has accomplished the far more difficult feat of making us like and understand her heroine.

Elizabeth Patterson, the beautiful and clever daughter of a wealthy Baltimore man, was far from popular with her family. She longed for European salons and made it quite plain that she found Baltimore society unbearably provincial. Therefore, when Jerome Bonaparte appeared on the horizon, Betsy recognized her opportunity and laid her plans accordingly. The brother of the great Napoleon, dictator of France, a handsome and weak young man, was no match for the ambitious Elizabeth. Napoleon, however, was a fiercer adversary. Betsy never met him, but she was firmly convinced, to the end of her days, that she could have won him over.

This is Susan Ertz's first historical novel, but one hopes she will write many more, for her treatment of the period is keen and arresting. The fascinating Bonaparte family, Madame de Staël, the Duke of Wellington, James Monroe appear as real and interesting characters rather than as names dragged in to pad out a story. Betsy herself, ruthless and coldly calculating, is not an appealing person, but Miss Ertz so skilfully brings out her persistence, her unconquerable spirit, her intelligence, that we can do nought but admire her. The whole book is written with a light touch and a simple directness of style that is too often lacking in historical novels. With another Baltimore belle very much in the limelight, this tale of a Baltimore girl who wanted to be a queen will probably receive a good deal of attention on that account, but it is quite able to stand alone on its own merits.

Any discussion of books quite naturally brings to mind the delightful Saint Thomas More bookshop in Cambridge. A sunny spot, in a wing that appears to be an afterthought on the part of the builder, it is a perfect place to browse around. Doing so the other day, I was intrigued by a case of French books. Now my knowledge of French is chiefly confined to such banal remarks as *Quelle heure est-il?* and *Comprenez-vous?* but I love to look at French books. By the way, why do they always have paper covers? It gives them such a rakish, worldly air. Perhaps that's why the Victorians disapproved so vehemently of French literature. A book had to be leather-bound and gold-tooled, with microscopic print, to pass their rigid tests of "niceness." But that's beside the point. I discovered that aforesaid French books were part of a French lending library opening on December eighth under the direction of Helena Leonard and Catherine Cuttle of the Class of '37. Those more blessed than I in the gift of tongues will certainly be delighted at the prospect of securing good, modern French literature. We all wish them the very best of luck. (I'd say it in French if I could.)

* * * *

Charles Hanson Towne, editor and literary critic, is also a poet of distinction, and his latest effort, *An April Song*, is a book that will brighten any dull winter day. Light, friendly, whimsical and unstilted, his poems have a touch of reticence, a gentle air of withdrawal that is welcome in this age of abandon. Delicacy and a translucent beauty mark his poems of spring. When you are wallowing knee-deep in snow in January you might remember this:

Always the faint heart should know
  After the winter's wind and rain,
After the ghostly pall of snow,
  The birds and bees come back again.

MARGARET A. CAHILL, '38.

* * * *

It is Catholic Book Week as we prepare to go to press. We have viewed with interest and curiosity the imposing array of fine Catholic books on exhibition in the library. At the same time we feel a certain sense of personal pride, for among the new Catholic books are two recently published by Benziger that were written by members of our own faculty. *G. K. Chesterton's Evangel* by Sister Marie Virginia will be reviewed below; we are concerned here with a slim, gray book called *With Heart and Mind*, of which our beloved Dean, Sister Helen Madeleine, is the author. It is a collection of

simple meditations, based chiefly on Scriptural texts. The attractive format would lead the most diffident and timid to explore this easy method of meditation. Once acquainted with the method, few will be satisfied until they have made the book their own. The meditations are arranged in outline form so that each quotation from Scripture may be analyzed thoughtfully, word by word, or phrase by phrase. There is a series of short statements or questions to draw the full meaning from the text, and to make the application of it more personal. The "resolution" of the meditation is a short, closing prayer addressed to "dear Jesus."

It seems especially appropriate to find the Foreword written by Reverend Francis LeBuffe, S.J., since many of us who have followed his retreat exercises, or heard his conferences at Sodality meetings have learned from him the absolute need of meditation for people of all classes and ages, and also the comparative ease with which all persons can meditate whether they be in the cloister or in the world. In the Foreword, Father LeBuffe tells of the heart-hunger which is so prevalent today, "the hunger of an immortal soul that can be satisfied with God alone." This hunger must be satisfied, he declares, "by more solid food which comes from thinking on the thought of God—from meditation." Father LeBuffe estimates truly Sister Helen Madeleine's ability to prepare such a book of meditations, both from her years in the religious life and from her long experience with students. He sums up the impression of her work thus: "She speaks of God appealingly, and brings Him down intimately into our lives." We can find no better expression of our own wish than the closing lines of Father LeBuffe's Foreword:

"May many souls, of both old and young, be brought nearer to God by her writings.

* * * *

G. K. CHESTERTON'S EVANGEL

By SISTER MARIE VIRGINIA, S.N.D.

We all know G. K. Chesterton through his poetical and prose writings, especially through his charmingly written *Autobiography,* in which he reveals his life as a public character. Sister Marie Virginia, in her book, has given us a unique picture of G. K. Chesterton. She portrays Chesterton as a private character and shows us what made him the man he was. He is presented in a human sort of way, so we feel that we know him, that he is one of us. We

see that his boyhood must have been much like that of other little boys, but that, philosopher-like, he early understood the mysteries of fairyland and the tragedy of Eden. Through the many well-chosen references which Sister Marie Virginia has made to his books, we see how his philosophy of life is projected into his writings.

The book is divided into two parts, the first part being devoted to Chesterton's revelation of himself in his prose works; the second, to his portrayal of himself in his poetry. The whole gives a vivid account of the work which Chesterton has done for God.

The author shows us that Chesterton's great love for our Lord and the Blessed Mother made him what he was. In referring to him as "Our Lady's Lyrist," she pays him a magnificent tribute. Beautiful quotations from Chesterton's poetry are used to show his great devotion to her.

The books ends with a very appropriate tribute to Chesterton. Throughout the study, Sister Marie Virginia never deviates far from her purpose—to present Chesterton as the *Crusader of Christ* and *Our Lady's Lyrist.* For a book which gives us an honest and interesting appraisal of a great man, *G. K. Chesterton's Evangel* is to be highly recommended.

E. C. ECHOES

At the present time all the societies have held their first meetings and have begun making plans for the year. As these plans become more definite, or materialize, they will be announced.

Cap and Gown Sunday

Sunday, October third, was Cap and Gown Sunday. The traditionally beautiful Mass, at which the members of the Senior Class appeared for the first time in their caps and gowns, was celebrated by Reverend William Casey of Jamaica Plain. After Mass a Communion breakfast was held in the gymnasium.

Dramatic Society

The junior members of the Dramatic Society presented their play, *The Whole Truth,* on Wednesday, November tenth, at three-forty. There was a large audience in attendance and the play was very well received.

Freshman Tea Dance

On Thursday, November eleventh, at the Copley-Plaza, the Freshman Class held its Tea Dance. The three upper classes were guests of the Freshmen at this annual affair.

Foreign Mission Lecture

The Foreign Mission Society sponsored its first lecture of the season on Sunday, October twenty-fourth. It was given by the Right Reverend Monsignor Fulton J. Sheen, D.D., who chose

for his subject *The Two Revolutions*. The lecture, as is usual with those given by Monsignor Sheen, was very successful.

Ethos

The ETHOS party, which took the form of a barn dance, was held in the gymnasium on October twenty-fifth. Old-fashioned dancing and an entertainment made up the afternoon's program.

Concert

On October twenty-seventh, at the Student Hour, Mr. Paul Shirley, well-known virtuoso, gave a concert to the students of Emmanuel. Mr. Shirley's instrument, the viola d'amore, is rarely played today and it was, consequently, a very real pleasure to hear him.

German Club

On Monday, November eighth, Reverend Martin Harney, S.J., gave an illustrated lecture on Vienna to the German Club and invited guests.

Sodality

A service to honor Christ the King was held in Chapel on Friday, October twenty-ninth. The traditional program for the Feast of the Presentation of the Blessed Virgin was rendered at assembly on November nineteenth.

Musical Society

The combined Glee Club and Orchestra will present a music festival on Saturday and Sunday, December fourth and fifth. The festival will be under the management of Miss Margaret O'Connell, director of the Glee Club.

ALUMNAE NEWS

Class of 1936

Olive Dalton, who graduated from Katherine Gibbs School in June, is Assistant Sales Manager in the Norwood Lumber Company.

Rita DeLeo, Barbara Ferguson, Dorothea Gardiner, and Helen Goodwin, who received their Ed.M. degrees from Boston Teachers College in June, are teaching in the Boston Schools.

Rita Donahue is teaching the second grade in Chelsea.

Rita Guthrie is teaching in the Junior High School in Belmont.

Mary Donelin is doing secretarial work at the Baker Chocolate Company in Milton.

Anna Kenney was doing statistical work in the Medical Department of the New England Telephone and Telegraph Company. She has recently been appointed to the office of Senior State Statistician.

Margaret Mackin has a secretarial position with a Boston law firm.

Mary Rita Connelly is in the laboratory at the Boston Tuberculosis Sanatorium at Mattapan.

Dora Murphy has been appointed to a teaching position in Norfolk.

Mary M. Murphy is doing laboratory technician work at the Deaconess Hospital.

Cornelia Sheehan is working for her M.A. at the State Teachers College at Fitchburg.

Mary Young is the Dean's assistant and receptionist at the Suffolk Law School.

Class of 1937

Anna Sheehan, Katherine Herlihy, Helena Leonard, Barbara McGrath, and Catherine Cuttle are at Boston Teachers College studying for their Ed.M. degrees.

Kathleen Hennebery, Elizabeth Vatter, Josephine Daly, and Rita Morris are studying at Katherine Gibbs School.

Alice Quartz and Louise McAuliffe are studying at the Boston College Graduate School of Social Service.

Mary Kindregan is working in the Massachusetts State Department of Education.

Elinor O'Brien is teaching special classes for retarded children in the Blessed Sacrament School in Cambridge.

Eleanor Dewire is working in the Somerville Library.

Rosemary Murdoch is teaching in Everett.

Mary Dewire is teaching in Somerville.

Loretta Murphy and Angelina Graham are taking courses at Boston University College of Business Administration.

Mary J. Sullivan is taking a course at the Y. W. C. A. Sewing School.

Martha Buckley is training at the Massachusetts General Hospital.

Ellen Dorsey is also at the Massachusetts General taking a technician's course.

Katherine Devane and Elizabeth Steinkrauss are studying for M.A. degrees at Boston College.

Mary Dunn has a position in the Boston office of D. W. Dunn and Company.

Betty Graves is taking a course at Simmons Graduate School of Library Science.

Regina Duane is taking a course at Simmons Secretarial School.

Katherine Barry and Alice Kenneally are teaching in the Grammar School in Cambridge.

Ruth and Mary Henderson are taking a technician's course at the Worcester State Hospital.

Claire Busby has been appointed as assistant to Miss Joan Fiss, Director of the Emmanuel Alumnae Bureau of Occupational Assistance.

Ruth Grandison was married in October to Mr. Paul K. Perry.

The Emmanual Alumnae Bureau of Occupational Assistance, which has been the subject of careful planning for the past two years, is now well under way. Miss Joan Fiss, who holds degrees from Wisconsin State Teachers College and Radcliffe, has been appointed Director of the Bureau. Miss Fiss has had a great deal of experience in teaching and personnel work and it is felt by the Alumnae Council that she is eminently fitted for the position.

* * * * * *

The International Federation of Notre Dame Alumnae held its seventh convention at Emmanuel from August twentieth to twenty-third. Business sessions were held at the College, with teas, luncheons, and a banquet making pleasant social interludes. At the final meeting Mrs. Marguerite Maguire and Miss Eleanor Connor, both of Massachusetts, were elected President and First Vice-President for the next triennium.

* * * * * *

As we go to press the International Federation of Catholic Alumnae is making final plans for College Day, to be held at Emmanuel on Saturday, November thirteenth. The purpose of the Day is to make known to Catholics and non-Catholics the scope and value of a Catholic college training and to acquaint parents and possible students with the Catholic colleges in the country. Mrs. John Barry (Ruth Keleher '27) is General Chairman and a large committee is working with her to make the affair a complete success.

Faculty Notes

Sister Berchmans Louise received her Doctor of Philosophy degree from Boston College in June. Sister's thesis is entitled: *Patmore: Laureate of the Incarnation.*

Sister Julie Benedicta received her Master's Degree from Boston College in June. Her essay was entitled: *Francis Thompson: the Magian of the Sun.*

The following appointments to the faculty have been made:

In Education: Miss Kathleen McDonnell, A.M.; Miss Helen T. Cummings, Ph.D.; Mr. Robert Masterson, A.M., Ed.M.

In Philosophy: Reverend John J. Ryan, H.E.L., S.T.D.

In Church History: Reverend James P. Dowling, A.M.

In Sociology: Reverend John R. Wall, A.M.

In Political Science: Reverend Walter J. Leach, D.D.

In Latin: Miss Helen Attridge, '35, Ed.M.

In Music: Miss Margaret O'Connell, '32, A.B.

In the recent death of the Reverend John B. Mullin, '32, Emmanuel has suffered a great loss. Father Mullin was a member of the Faculty in the Education Department for many years. His courses were extraordinarily popular and justly so, for he was one of the finest teachers and one of the finest men that we have ever known. We who have had the privilege of working with him know what his death means to Emmanuel. We know that his place can never be filled.

At the first fall meeting of Kappa Gamma Pi, the National Catholic Honor Society, eight members of the Class of '37 were welcomed into the group. These girls, honor graduates of '37, were Catherine Cuttle, Mary Miller, Katherine Herlihy, Anna Murphy, Mary Henderson, Ruth Henderson, Anna Sheehan, and Claire Busby.

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